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As we were saying

William Feather

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AS WE WERE SAYING

AS WE WERE SAYING

BY

WILLIAM FEATHER

CLEVELAND

THE WILLIAM FEATHER COMPANY

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THE editorials in this book have appeared in various company magazines, edited by the writer. Among these are **THROUGH THE MESHES** and **THE LATCH STRING**, published by The W. S. Tyler Company of Cleveland; **BRENNEMANS FINE BISCUIT MAGAZINE**, published by The Peerless Biscuit Company of Pittsburgh; **WOOD'S JEWELS**, published by J. R. Wood & Sons of New York City; and **THE JAYHAWK**, published by the Lawrence Paper Manufacturing Company of Lawrence, Kansas.

To these, and other users of my writings, I extend grateful acknowledgment of the opportunity afforded me to say what I think.

WILLIAM FEATHER.

615 Caxton Building,
Cleveland, Ohio.

AS WE WERE SAYING

THERE IS no end of clever writers who can tell us just what is wrong with the world, and on fifteen minutes' notice they will agree to have ready by the end of the week a complete plan for the reconstruction of society.

I discovered, while I was still young, that there was so much competition in this field of Higher Criticism that I could never hope to make a living at it.

So I have devoted what time I have for writing to the task of driving home the idea that plain industry is more important than cleverness;

That a man who keeps his word and makes good his promises will attract friends of equal worth;

That he who spends a little less than he

AS WE WERE SAYING

earns will be sure to accumulate a competence;

That no one ever gets anything for nothing, or ever will, for very long.

For lack of a better description, I call these platitudes the fundamentals or indispensables of life. They are the truths that nations pack into their proverbs, the injunctions that wise parents give to their children, and that employers counsel to those under them.

Industry, frugality, prudence and temperance!

This is old stuff, and under the pressure of the daily grind, we are inclined to refer to it as "bunk".

I deny that it is "bunk"; I maintain that the man who does not cultivate these qualities consciously or unconsciously, will never make a success of his life even though he be familiar with all the book-lore of the universe.

The possession of these simple fundamentals is at the basis of every success that is worth-while.

Order, diligence, patience, honesty are not learned from books, and without them book-

FUNDAMENTALS OF LIFE

culture is merely an aggravation. I do not know how to advise anyone to go about acquiring them.

They are born of daily routine, of drudgery.

Those whose achievements win the admiration of the world have them in the highest degree; those who do any task well have them in some degree.

Charles Dickens was expressing a sincere conviction born of experience, when he said: "My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." And Sir Isaac Newton had in mind his own life of strict discipline when he said: "Genius is Patience."

So I say we will never be able to reconstruct the world in such a way that we will be relieved of the necessity for industry, frugality, prudence and temperance, and yet that is exactly what most of the dreamers have in mind when they talk of Utopia, the Banquet of Life and Universal Democracy.

They think that some way, some how, some where a scheme will be devised by which all

AS WE WERE SAYING

will be able to sleep until ten o'clock in the morning and work about three days in the week. The idea is that during the balance of the week we will sit under shade trees or in front of the log fires, and loaf.

Forget it!

Nature would exterminate such a race of idlers in less than one generation.

*Why do children wake up so early on
Sunday morning?*

A TITLE is all right if a man doesn't take it too seriously.

In a company in which the writer is interested we took a man out of the ranks and made him assistant superintendent of the plant. He had been a good workman, and had shown some evidence of possessing executive ability.

But just as soon as he got the title of "assistant superintendent" his head began to swell.

He passed around the word that he was going to do the hiring and firing. We wanted

TITLES ARE DANGEROUS

a "working" assistant superintendent because the plant was small and strict supervision was unnecessary. This fellow, however, just sat at his desk and trimmed his finger nails with a big, bone-handled jack-knife. Once in a while he would take a leisurely walk around the place.

That was his idea of the job of assistant superintendent. So we had to let him go; and though we lost a good workman we got rid of a bad superintendent.

I know of a big company, with an international business, where it is the policy to give almost everyone a title. Youngsters who would be called office boys in most companies are given the rank of "Assistant Manager of the Linseed Oil Department" by this company.

I suppose this plan works because this company is very successful.

Yet there is something humorous about it, and although the idea may prove to be a good thing for the company I am inclined to think it is a bad thing for the office boys.

All of this writing has been prompted by

AS WE WERE SAYING

reading the "Advertising Recollections of a Quarter Century" by J. M. Campbell, who has handled the advertising for several companies in this country.

Mr. Campbell says: "The most successful advertising manager I know (he does not call himself by that title—he is too smart), the man who has made the most money and is today in the strongest position—financially and otherwise—is a man who years ago, in answer to the question, 'What are your duties, Mr. J.?' schooled himself to say, 'I help Mr. H.'—the head of the house.

"He did not say, 'I am advertising manager' or 'I have charge of the advertising.' Oh, no. 'I help Mr. H.' He did. And now he is worth twenty times as much as the average advertising manager.

"Better still, he really has the final say about advertising matters—because he helped Mr. H."

When we buy a pair of new shoes or a new hat we wonder how we ever had the nerve to be seen in the old ones.

THE GREAT MEN

GREAT MEN ARE those who best express the aspirations of ourselves.

We all have great thoughts and feelings, but it is the gift of only a few to be able to express them.

The rest of us turn for help to writers, artists, musicians, sculptors, architects, orators, and statesmen.

They express what we think and feel.

In reading the works of great writers, how often do you run across passages which cause you to say "That's just what I think", or "I've often said the same thing"!

The noted characters of fiction, such as Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Becky Sharp, Uriah Heep, Tom Sawyer, and Huckleberry Finn, gain their popularity because of their universality. They are so true to life that everyone who reads about them recognizes their counterparts in himself or the people about him.

Nearly everyone loves music, yet comparatively few are able to play an instrument or sing well, and still fewer are inspired to compose music that will endure the test of time.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Since we are unable to sing, or play with the touch of genius, or to write music, we go to hear those who can.

We are all born architects.

Watch children making toy houses of blocks or mud, and it is apparent that we all possess the building instinct in some degree.

Those few who have the super-ability to create stately cathedrals and perfectly proportioned buildings we nominate to the hall of fame.

So with sculptors, who preserve in enduring marble the beautiful forms of life we all admire.

Everyone likes to talk. In spite of much practice in the art of speaking, not many of us can be called orators. Therefore we applaud the men who can sway an audience as we would like to sway one.

Each man believes himself an authority on public policy, and those statesmen are highest in popular esteem who reflect the views of ourselves.

The same rule is true in the business world, as in every other field of human activity.

OUR BEST WORK IS EASIEST

Men who, in their efficiency, executive ability, and capacity for organization-building, have risen to outstanding success in business, are merely those who have best put into practice the aspirations that we all have.

The surest index to the character of a nation is the type of men whom the people have clothed with the mantle of greatness, for these men by their works have expressed what the people are thinking and feeling deep down in their hearts.

*You can't let business interfere with golf
if you expect to win the championship.*

IT'S A CURIOUS THING, but the best work we do is usually the easiest.

Ask any salesman if this is not so. The chances are ten to one that he got his biggest order with less effort than he gives to some of his smallest transactions.

Writers report the same observation.

The poem, the story, the sketch, or the editorial that is dashed off to fill a column or to meet the eleventh hour call of an editor is usu-

AS WE WERE SAYING

ally the one that attracts the widest attention.

Irving Berlin, the song writer, was asked: "What's the easiest kind of a song to write?"

"A good song," says Mr. Berlin. "A bad song is the hardest to write because the song writer, in his efforts to turn a failure into success, never is finished with trying to write and rewrite it."

A novice cannot turn out a masterpiece in a few minutes, and a green salesman cannot turn a deal involving thousands of dollars in an afternoon. Knowledge and information and skill, stored up through years of application and experience, are drawn upon in a crisis.

When Lincoln scribbled his Gettysburg speech on a scrap of paper he was summarizing thoughts which had been incubating in his mind for years; and when Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech he said that "the air seemed to be electric with words and phrases like a tree overburdened with fruit."

To return to Mr. Berlin, he says he has written more failures than any song writer, but the reason is that he writes more songs.

A MORAL BY MOTHER GOOSE

The successful man fails as often as any other man, but he tries oftener, so that his total of successes is bound to be high.

A business can have two means of sales promotion—its salesmen and its customers.

IF YOU EVER had occasion to read Mother Goose rhymes to your children or grandchildren you will recall the one that tells about the old woman who found a crooked sixpence with which she bought a pig.

But she couldn't get the pig to jump over the stile.

The way in which she worked her way out of her difficulty is the most wonderful sermon on perseverance that I have ever read.

The average of us when we bump into trouble, report back to headquarters for further instructions.

This old woman, however, was determined to move that ornery pig, and before she got it over the stile she had enlisted the aid of thirteen different agencies.

AS WE WERE SAYING

The way she finally turned the trick was by going to a brook and getting a bucket of water for some farmers who were making hay in a field.

In return for the refreshing water the farmers gave some of their hay to a cow, and the cow gave some milk, which the old woman fed to a cat. Then—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig in a fright jumped over the stile!
And so the old woman got home that night.

It is just such roundabout ways that most things happen in this world.

What a wonderful “go-getter” that old woman would have made. She could be depended upon to “carry the message to Garcia.”

By the way, it isn't until you start to live

BET ON YOURSELF

your life over again with your children that you realize what a lot of wisdom is packed into nursery literature.

You can't beat the combination of enthusiasm and common sense.

IT IS FREQUENTLY stated, and I suppose it is true, that the gambling instinct is almost universal in the human race.

Here is a suggestion, then, for young men who like to take a chance:

Don't buy chances in lotteries or stock in blue sky companies. Take no fliers with your money.

But—

Take long chances with your energy.

Suppose you have an ordinary job now which is paying you an ordinary salary. You are doing one day's work for one day's pay, and getting along about as well as the average.

Buck up, branch out, and determine during the next year to squander your energy on your job. Pour into each working day all the pep you have in your system.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Go home at night, and instead of sitting in at a card game, do some hard reading.

Give your employer about twice as much service as he has any right to expect. Don't boast about how hard you work. Just dig in, and hope for the best.

Follow this plan for one year, and if at the end of that period you don't win a prize—well the game is crooked in your present establishment, and you will be wise if you quit and start in somewhere else.

But I think you'll win.

When a man tells you he can do something which you have been trying to do - yourself and can't, put him on a commission basis.

NOW AND THEN I have a feeling that I ought to write another editorial on Appreciation.

No one has a greater contempt than I for the man who can't work unless someone pats him on the shoulder every day; and I have an equal contempt for the man who goes on a va-

APPRECIATION

cation the day after the boss commends him for a good piece of work.

But there are millions of honest, wholesome, industrious men and women who would be worth a lot more to themselves and to the world if someone now and then would take a minute to tell them that their efforts are being noticed.

One day a particularly good piece of type composition came to my attention. I sent a word of commendation to the man who did it, and he nearly burst into tears! He had been working at a type case all his life; he loved his work, and for ten years he had been putting his brain and heart into his job. Yet in all that time no one had gone to the trouble of stopping for a moment to say "Good work!"

Business men who would merely send a formal acknowledgment of an order for a hundred-thousand-dollar bill of goods, will sit down and write a personal letter to a thousand-dollar customer who expresses appreciation of some unusual service.

Few of us ever become much more than grown-up children, and if you have anything

AS WE WERE SAYING

to do with children let me tell you that there is nothing like appreciation to get results from boys and girls.

If you want a boy to keep his room cleaned up, the best way to accomplish this is to compliment him some day when it is in good order rather than to punish him when it is in disorder.

At our house our six-year-old boy was in the habit of biting his finger nails. We used soap, quinine and bitter aloes on the nails, to no purpose. One day we noticed that the nail on one finger was in good shape, and so we called his attention to it and told him he was showing great improvement. In three months he had stopped biting his nails altogether, and the reform was brought about entirely by words of appreciation.

Overhead expense is easy to put on but hard to take off.

WE LIKE TO KEEP pounding away on the idea that advertising is not confined to the printed word.

WHAT IS ADVERTISING?

Advertising begins back in the shop and extends out into the office, and from there it projects itself into the daily correspondence.

A good product or a good service is the root of all advertising.

An attractive office, courteous salesmen; a telephone girl with a smile in her voice; letters well-written and neatly typed—these are advertisements just as surely as words painted on a billboard or printed in newspapers.

Every transaction is an advertisement. A satisfied customer comes back for more, and I know of no cheaper way of getting business.

Every purchase a business house makes can be turned into an advertisement. A reputation for fairness, honest dealing, and prompt payment of bills has carried many a business through a "killing frost". It pays to cultivate the good-will of a creditor.

Much of the money spent on printed advertising is wasted because neither the goods nor the service back up the public promises.

What does it profit a bank to advertise friendly, helpful, courteous service if a corps of sour pessimists is behind the windows?

AS WE WERE SAYING

What is the sense of advertising prompt deliveries when the shop is so jammed that you know you'll have to break your word?

Sometimes we hear it said that a certain prosperous and successful business does not advertise, but if we look closely we'll find that it is advertising all the time in acts, if not in words.

This is not an argument against printed advertising; it is just a suggestion that unless printed advertising tells the truth it does more harm than good.

Most of us take better care of our automobiles than we do of ourselves.

CHARLES HENDERSON, editor of *Cleveland Topics*, was telling me about his garden the other day.

Instead of belonging to a golf club Charles puts his "dues and assessments" into seeds, bulbs and plants.

Charlie's big specialty is roses.

Up to a certain point, he says roses thrive on abuse.

WE THRIVE ON ABUSE

For instance, Charles doesn't believe in coddling his plants. He makes 'em stand about two months of winter without protection, on the theory that it hardens them.

When the roses begin to bloom he slashes the plants back until they look as bare as the clipped head of a boy. In the middle of summer he sprinkles poppy seed in the rose-bed and lets the poppies fight the roses.

Then, about the first week in September, he turns over the poppies, cultivates the ground and gives the roses the right of way. They respond nobly, with handsome, vigorous, fragrant blooms.

Charlie's experience reminds me of several things, chiefly this: Plants, animals and humans all seem to need a set-back now and then for vigorous life.

Unless man has been kicked around a little you really can't depend upon him to amount to anything.

The world has accumulated a lot of knowledge but it isn't very well distributed.

AS WE WERE SAYING

AT THE END OF every book on salesmanship, and at the conclusion of every course on salesmanship, a statement should be made along the following lines:

You can forget everything else you have ever heard, read and observed about salesmanship provided you remember this one thing: That you do not need to sell anything; your customers will buy from you if you convince them that your service is of a high and useful character.

For every good man looking for a job, there is a good boss looking for a man.

And for every salesman looking for an order, there is a customer looking for an intelligent man to fill an order.

If there is any art in salesmanship it is in the location of these customers who want your goods and your service. Believe me, they want to buy from you as badly as you want to sell to them.

I have been visited by scores of salesmen, and aside from a few book agents who have used interesting tricks, I have never once been impressed by what could be called "clever"

HOW MUCH SLEEP?

salesmanship. The salesmen who take away the business are simply honest, sincere, intelligent men who tell me what they can do and convince me that they can do it.

When a good salesman leaves any one of us we really do not know we have been talking to a salesman. We have the same feeling toward these real salesmen that we have toward a man on our own payroll. We tell them what we want to accomplish and we leave it to them to accomplish it for us.

All the selling tricks ever invented are useless unless a salesman understands and believes this fundamental principle.

When a man begins to take reunions seriously he's getting old.

HOW MUCH sleep does a man need?

I have always believed that we all require at least seven or eight hours of sleep every night, but each time I have made the statement it has been challenged.

In each instance the challenger has mentioned Napoleon and Edison.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Now there is no doubt that Napoleon did work at a tremendous pace during the greater part of his career. There is conclusive evidence that he was in bed only a few hours each night—at the most not more than five.

But anyone who has studied his life is also aware that he paid the penalty in his later years. He was the victim of chronic drowsiness.

I had never read a signed statement from Mr. Edison on the question of sleep, so I wrote him and asked for a statement.

Here is his reply:

“Until the last six years, and over a period of 40 years, I and my experimental assistants worked on an average of 18 hours daily.

“New men found it very difficult to get used to four to five hours sleep, but in a short time they became accustomed to it and I have never heard of any one of them being injured.

“I find that men who once worked with me for a number of years and then left, kept up the habit of working long hours. I think any person can get used to it. One remarkable thing that they all agree on is that it stops

LIGHT AND SLEEP

dreaming. This is perhaps due to a deeper sleep.

"If the world had been differently arranged and the sun shone continuously, I do not think that anybody would require or take sleep. There seems to be no reason why we should sleep, from a scientific standpoint.

"I noticed in automobilizing through Switzerland that the towns which had electric lights had many new buildings, and the people were active and on the streets at 12:00 o'clock, midnight, whereas in towns without electric lights, everybody was in bed about 8:30 and the town was a dead one."

Mr. Edison's letter is extremely interesting. The reader may draw his own conclusions as to whether most of us spend more time in bed than is necessary.

A man smokes a pipe for solace—a woman takes off her shoes.

SEVERAL YEARS ago there was formed in my town an organization calling itself the "Anti-Noise Society".

AS WE WERE SAYING

The newspapers poked a lot of fun at these people. I thought they were a queer lot to be spending their time and money campaigning against noise, but I have lately come to a different conclusion.

As I see it now, all noise is waste.

And waste is the chief, if not the only, sin.

A noisy machine is a wasteful machine.

A noisy workman is a wasteful workman.

Great, powerful automobiles, and even trucks, pass my house night and day, and I can scarcely hear them. But let a boy scoot down the sidewalk in a wooden express wagon with steel-rimmed wheels, and the clatter accompanying his progress can be heard for a block.

The other day I visited the engine room of a great factory. Here I saw enormous driving wheels turning, but I could not *hear* them. I talked with the engineer, and did not have to lift my voice above an ordinary conversational tone.

A few years ago when the average person walked across a bare office floor he disturbed everyone in the room. By putting rubber heels on our shoes, and carpets on our floors,

NOISE IS WASTEFUL

we have eliminated most of the noise, and as a consequence the individual himself, together with everyone else, has been benefited.

So closely are noise and inefficiency related that the average automobile owner looks for trouble the instant he hears a noise or a squeak in his car.

Quietness denotes efficiency.

Noise is friction, and is wasteful. The nearer we can approach elimination of friction the nearer we will be to perpetual motion.

I am among those who believe that people act most quickly on the motive of self-interest. Therefore, if any new anti-noise propaganda is started, I hope it will include the argument outlined here.

Every man wants all he can get.

HOMER BUCKLEY of Chicago, one of the keenest mail order men in the country, says the reason mail order houses conduct their business on such progressive lines is because they have to in order to stay in business.

"If the retail merchant ever caught up with

AS WE WERE SAYING

the mail order houses, and used the same methods, he could put the catalogue man out of business in five years," says Mr. Buckley.

Few of us realize the disadvantages of doing business by mail exclusively.

Remember the mail order man never sees his customers. He is cut off from that personal contact which means so much in business, and all affairs of life. He is compelled to sell his goods by printed words and pictures.

His customers have to go through a dozen extra motions before they can do business with him.

But in spite of all these handicaps he has become a giant of modern commerce. Why? Because he has introduced absolute honesty and fairness into his business. He has attacked every problem with the open mind of a scientist. He has had no precedents to confuse him.

Let the retailer, who knows all his customers by their first names, apply the same energy and brains to his business and he can have the trade that is now going to the mail order houses any time he wants it.

A CITY OF CONTRASTS

A man's getting old when it hurts him to tie his shoe laces.

SOMEONE HAS CALLED New York a city of contrasts.

And so it is.

It makes little difference to New York whether her visitors are highbrows or low-brows, cultured cosmopolites or rough-necked provincials, tightwads or spendthrifts.

She can give all of them what they want.

Fine art stores flourish alongside postcard shops.

A five minutes' walk separates you from a jewelry store where they sell \$100,000 necklaces and a shop where nothing is priced at more than ten cents.

You can spend ten dollars for your dinner at any fifty hotels and restaurants, or you can go to as many little table d'hôte places, just around the corner, and get a wholesome meal for 60 cents or a dollar a plate.

For amusement there is the Hippodrome, seating thousands, or a cozy little theater where four hundred is the capacity.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Deep-cushioned, luxurious limousines and squeaky runabouts fight for the right-of-way on Fifth Avenue.

Stogies are displayed in the same case with Havana perfectos at \$1 each.

Twenty and thirty-story skyscrapers are sprinkled among two and three-story shacks.

If I were an artist and had to translate the spirit of New York City onto a canvas, I think I would make these contrasts the dominant note.

It seems to me that in these contrasts we catch the real spirit of America.

It's contrast that makes Lincoln live in our minds: that it should be possible for a country boy, a rail-splitter, with almost no education, to rise to the presidency of the United States.

A man is what his ideas are worth.

TOO MANY YOUNG men are spending their time trying to learn the tricks of their trade instead of learning their trade."—Fremont Fry.

Fremont Fry, whose name is tacked on to

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

the above quotation, is in charge of the stereotyping department of the Indianapolis News. He is perhaps the foremost member of his craft, having made a forty years' study of this method of casting type.

Let it be understood that stereotyping consists of taking a page of type and placing over it a thick sheet of wet paper. This paper is forced down on the type under steam pressure, receiving a perfect impression. The paper, known as a matrix, is then dried, after which it serves as a mold for casting a plate. Our newspapers are printed from these plates.

We will now proceed with the story which Mr. Fry tells to illustrate his epigram.

It appears that in the early days of the business, it was customary to give the original type matter a thin coating of oil in order to keep the type from sticking to the matrix.

For this purpose, Mr. Fry kept an old piece of felt around the shop, which had been soaked in olive oil.

A fine camel's hair brush, when passed over this felt, picked up just about the right quantity of oil. In the course of time this felt nat-

AS WE WERE SAYING

usually became very dirty from dust and ink stains.

One day a new stereotyper came to work for the opposition paper. Try as he would, he was unable to produce stereotype plates that turned out a clean-looking paper. He came to see Mr. Fry, and the latter started to tell him about his methods of stereotyping.

"What's on that piece of felt?" the man asked suddenly.

"Oh, just some olive oil," said Fry. "If I dip the brush in a can I get too much oil. You need only a very thin coating."

The man was not satisfied. He paid no more attention to Mr. Fry's explanation of the other details of the stereotyping trade. He was convinced that Fry had discovered a mysterious compound which had peculiar properties.

Two days later, Fry's assistant told him he had been offered \$50 to reveal the secret of this felt rag.

Inasmuch as the man wanted to be fooled, Mr. Fry decided to let him have his way. So he instructed the men in his department to as-

HOW TO HOLD TRADE

sume an air of mystery whenever the felt rag was mentioned.

A few months later the poor stereotyper left the city, blaming all his troubles to the fact that he didn't have a dirty, oil-soaked rag, and knowing no more about stereotyping than he did when he came.

"I have often wondered," said Mr. Fry, "if a lot of us aren't very much like this old stereotyper in many other things we try to do.

"We are unwilling to put forth the effort necessary to accomplish a certain result, so when we see another man succeed where we have failed, we attribute it to luck, or pull, or some mysterious indefinable power. If we would only be honest with ourselves, we would see that we are not playing the game fairly."

There are table d' hote and a la carte men.

IN RETAIL STOREKEEPING it has been demonstrated that quality and price are not the most important elements in holding trade permanently.

The one thing that retail buyers resent

AS WE WERE SAYING

most of all is the indifference of the sales-people.

Needless errors, tricky methods, slow deliveries, insolence, discourtesy, and ignorance of goods will take business away from a store faster than low prices or high quality will bring it in.

Of course, there is less human contact in the business transactions of manufacturers, jobbers and wholesalers, and consequently less opportunity for the human element to come into play, yet we think it would be safe to say that the big problem of every business man is that of taking care of orders after he gets them rather than of getting new orders.

Experienced salesmen understand the necessity of the proper handling of orders, and a high-grade salesman, in taking a new position, looks up the company's record just as carefully as the company looks up his record.

He knows that he cannot make a success unless the firm he represents will handle his orders in a way that will avoid any ill-will on the part of his customers.

Regardless of price or quality, he knows he

HORSE-WEIGHTS OF BUSINESS

cannot get repeat business if he has to fight for service.

This leads up to a final observation: that in building up a business, we really have less to fear from outside competition than from inside bungling, discourtesy, and inefficiency. These are the real horse-weights that many a business is dragging around without realizing it.

There has lately been a tendency to hold classes for letter-writers in some of the big business houses, and in our opinion this is just as important as holding conventions for salesmen.

What profiteth it a business to gain 300 new customers in a year, and lose 300 old ones in the same period because of indifference, errors, slow deliveries, discourteous letters and tactless credit policies?

When a man has been down and out for a reasonable length of time, he deserves no sympathy until he has put himself back on a self-supporting basis.

AS WE WERE SAYING

THIS IS A FREE advertisement for pipes—smoking pipes. If we must smoke more of us ought to burn our tobacco in pipes.

Pipe smoking is cheaper, it is more satisfying, and I think it is less harmful than either cigarette or cigar smoking.

I have smoked everything—from cornsilk to clear Havana, taking in alfalfa, hay, and cubebs along the way.

I still mix my smokes, alternating between Egyptian cigarettes and Burley pipe tobaccos. I like the pipe best of all.

Pipe smoking costs me about 17 cents a week, which is the price of a can of Burley tobacco containing $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounces. Cigars and cigarettes cost several times that each day.

I make my argument for pipe smoking on the ground that it is more satisfying and less harmful than either cigarettes or cigars. My theory is that men smoke chiefly to relax their nerves. I have found that the mere act of filling and lighting a pipe is restful. After a few puffs I am satisfied; I let the pipe go out. In a few minutes I may relight it, and to me, the taste is as good as ever.

PIPE-SMOKING

Now, in the case of a cigarette, you can't let it go out. If you put it down it will consume itself—and burn a groove in the corner of a desk.

A cigar goes out too readily; it needs constant attention, and unless you give it this attention it burns unevenly or "goes dead," gets strong, and almost unsmokable.

After luncheon or dinner when one is totally relaxed and has nothing to do but smoke and talk for a half hour or so, the cigarette or cigar is probably preferable to the pipe, but for use during the day at the desk, or at home in the evening when reading, I consider the pipe to be without an equal.

I also believe the pipe is the ideal outdoor smoke. When golfing, hiking, fishing or hunting, the pipe is both satisfying and convenient. When you buy an expensive Havana cigar you are paying for the bouquet, the aroma, and you miss this in outdoor smoking. This is largely true of the better grades of cigarettes, too.

If these few reflections should lead anyone to resume pipe smoking, let me beg of you to

AS WE WERE SAYING

buy a fairly good briar. For a few dollars you can get an Italian or a French briar that will last a lifetime.

Be patient until you have broken it in, and then keep it clean.

A clean pipe is never strong in taste or smell, and if you use the Burley tobaccos which are all widely advertised, it will not bite your tongue.

Some big, broad-visioned advertiser ought to put pipe-smoking back on the map where it belongs. The cigarette people have made us into a cigarette-smoking nation by flashing before our eyes reproductions of oil paintings showing handsome old gentlemen smoking cigarettes.

In the movies you'll notice the villain always smokes either a cigar or a cigarette—never a pipe. The pipe is reserved for the hero.

The pipe is the symbol of peace, confidence, good-fellowship—it was so at the time the Indians owned the country and still is.

There's something about a pipe that mellows a man—I never have any trouble getting along with a pipe smoker.

THE TOOLS WE USE

- . *Nothing will get a woman talked about by her neighbors so much as sittin' on the front porch in the forenoon.*
-

Few of us realize the tremendous investment that the world has made in tools since the industrial revolution began in the second half of the eighteenth century.

This revolution was started in 1764 by Hargreaves' spinning jenny.

Following this came a series of epoch-making inventions, culminating in Watt's steam engine, Fulton's steamboat, and Stephenson's locomotive. The last was perfected in 1830.

From this time on, men began to replace hand tools with machine tools, and nowhere is there a better index of the rapidity of the development than in the iron and steel industry.

With few exceptions, iron is used solely as an instrument of production. It is a means to an end, because in satisfying our personal wants, few of us have any need for iron or steel.

Yet the world's annual production of iron

AS WE WERE SAYING

has multiplied tenfold in the last 50 years, and sixtyfold in 100 years.

In 1800 the output was 825,000 tons; the figure is now probably close to 75,000,000 tons.

The significance of this lies in the fact that there is probably as much energy used in making the tools of production as in actual production.

Many sociologists and economists are disturbed because of the constant and increasing influx of farmers to the cities.

This is a serious matter, of course, but the tendency is to overlook one important reason why the farm population is decreasing while the city population is increasing.

Farming, like all other productive activities, is becoming a machine proposition.

The farm was the last to turn to machinery as an aid to better and faster production, but the past ten or fifteen years have witnessed a rapid swing in that direction.

Wheat is today being produced in city factories, just as surely as it is produced on the farms.

This may seem a startling *statement*, but a

IN A LIVING ROOM

moment's reflection will convince anyone that it is a fact.

The mechanics employed in a tractor factory are indirectly producing wheat and other food products more effectively than if they were working on the farm lands of Kansas or Iowa. The tractor doubles or trebles the productivity of those who remain at farm work.

The same thing may be said of the farmer's auto truck, his reaper, thresher, and multiple plow.

The farms are today producing more food products than ever before in the history of the nation, notwithstanding that a smaller percentage of our population is directly engaged in farm work.

A great man is one who can get people to change their minds.

I AM WRITING this in the living room of my home on a typewriter that weighs no more than a moderate-sized book.

Light is provided by a lamp in which burn two incandescent bulbs.

AS WE WERE SAYING

In an adjoining room is a telephone from which I can talk to any city on this continent.

On the wall is a thermostat which regulates the flow of gas in my furnace, and keeps the room at an even temperature of 70 degrees.

A music cabinet contains records of the finest arias from the best operas, and selections by the greatest musicians in the world. I can hear this music, leaning back in a comfortable chair while I smoke a cigar, and I don't have to defer to anyone in making up my program for the evening.

Almost within arm's reach are several shelves of books filled with the most profound and beautifully expressed thoughts of the ages.

I can spend an hour with Benjamin Franklin and absorb the homely wisdom of that great sage; I can enjoy the sparkling tales by the three masters of the short story: O. Henry, Guy de Maupassant and Rudyard Kipling.

I can laugh with Mark Twain, or philosophize with Herbert Spencer.

I can follow Gibbon and see the great Roman Empire spread itself over the known

AND YET I KICK

world and then watch it crumble because its people could not stand prosperity.

For a few cents a day I have delivered to my home the news from the four corners of the world. This news as printed in the daily paper is interpreted for me in the weeklies and monthlies, all of which are delivered to my very door by the postman.

The floors of my home are cleaned with a suction sweeper, while the clothes are put through an electric washer and ironed in an electrically-driven mangle.

My children attend a school where they are given a better education than the sons of kings could command a century ago.

I go to work in an automobile, and I travel a distance in three-quarters of an hour which would have been an all-day trip for my father, a generation ago.

I enjoy all these things and yet I am just an ordinary citizen with an ordinary income, living in an ordinary way. Tens of thousands have just as much as I—and more.

And yet I kick and wonder what ails the world.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Were the good things of life ever so easily at the command of the ordinary man as they are today? To be perfectly frank, don't we all do a lot of welching that we haven't any right to do. And if we aren't careful, isn't there danger that we will upset the greatest civilization the world has ever known?

No one can learn to assume responsibility unless he is made to assume the consequences of his acts.

ONE OF THE popular fallacies is that the only function of capital is to make money for its owners.

That is one of the principal functions, because if the owner of capital did not receive a profit there would be no inducement for anyone to use his surplus for anything other than articles he could eat, wear or personally use.

But——

Aside from its ability to earn an income for its owner, capital performs a great social function, and the benefits it bestows are enjoyed by everyone.

CAPITAL'S CONTRIBUTION

Here is an example, taken from the *London Times*:

It was calculated that the labor-power used in growing barley in the United States in 1896, if it had only the capital power of 1830 at its disposal, would have produced just under three million bushels, whereas with the actual capital-power of 1896 to aid it, the harvest was nearly 70 million bushels.

In other words, nearly 96 per cent of the product was due to capital.

Another calculation showed that capital-power applied to pin-making increased the efficiency of the labor-power no less than ninety fold.

Of this tremendous saving the owners of capital retain only a small proportion.

The balance goes to the community, in the form of lower prices, a more plentiful supply of goods, a wider distribution of necessities and luxuries, more comforts, and less toil.

In the seventeenth century, Charles II of England received a gift which was at the time considered well worthy of reception even by royal hands.

AS WE WERE SAYING

It consisted of a few pounds of tea, and was referred to as "the delicate juice," being enjoyed at that time, because of its great cost, by royalty alone. Today tea and coffee are the common drink of all.

This is possible because men have organized great transportation lines, devised machinery to assist in the cultivation of the plants, and perfected the system of distribution.

The workingman's home of today contains conveniences and luxuries which were beyond even the reach of kings five hundred years ago, because men have been satisfied to consume a little less than they produced each year, and have taken this surplus and invested it in better and more efficient tools.

All of us each year partake of two forms of progress: that for which we are individually responsible, due to our own efforts; and that which is due to the efforts of other members of the community but in which we, as members thereof, share.

Most towns don't need boosting on the

TOO MUCH SYSTEM

*outside as much as they need cleaning up
on the inside.*

A FRIEND HAS sent me a clipping from a printers' magazine in which a correspondent says:

"One of the things the matter with the printing business of today is red tape. There are too many opportunities to pass the buck—too much planning and talking, and too little doing."

To bear out his contention he tells how it took nine days to get a small program through a modern printing plant—one of those jobs that in the old days, an all-around man would have set up and printed in less than half a day.

The progress of this job through the plant was stalled by order forms, stock records, time cards, bonus tables, etc., etc.

I know enough about the printing business at least to see the humor in the correspondent's observation.

One thing I have never been able to determine is just at what point system becomes a nuisance. We usually hear about the successes

AS WE WERE SAYING

in which system is a factor, because the men who go in for system are usually willing to talk for publication.

But the boys who build up a big bank account, and have no records except the size of their bank roll, say nothing.

For instance, I have read a lot about the methods of Carnegie and Schwab.

Carnegie's steel plants were among the first large industrial institutions in the country to introduce modern accounting and cost methods into the daily routine of their business.

No order for steel rails was ever accepted until there had first been ascertained the actual cost of every element entering into their manufacture, and options obtained on the pig-iron of which they were to be made.

This cost-keeping system was introduced by William P. Shinn, and eloquent testimony to the efficiency of his methods was given by a workman engaged in building a heating-furnace: "There goes that damned book-keeper. If I use a dozen bricks more than I did last month, he knows it and comes around to ask why!"

WHERE SYSTEM PAYS

This was no exaggeration. The minutest details of cost of materials and labor in every department appeared from day to day and week to week in the accounts, and soon every man about the place was made to realize it.

The men felt and often remarked that the eyes of the company were always on them through the books.

Charles Schwab seems to have carried out the same plan at Bethlehem, except that his records are even more minute. He pays his men on the bonus system and every job is given a time schedule.

The corporation has not only worked out schedules of time and bonus rates for the skilled divisions of labor, but even such tasks as wheeling a wheel-barrow or handling a shovel have been put under the profit-sharing system.

"We have to have a very elaborate and costly statistical department to carry out this system, but it pays for itself a hundred times over," says Mr. Schwab.

On the other hand—

Within a few blocks of where this is writ-

AS WE WERE SAYING

ten there is a big wood-working plant which was built up to million-dollar proportions by an immigrant Austrian who used to carry all his books and records around in his pockets.

One list showed the accounts due and the other the accounts payable.

The plant was sold a few years ago, and when the accountants, representing the purchaser, came to see him, they were dumbfounded.

"How do you know whether or not you're making money?" they asked.

"I started with nothing," he said, "and now I own all these buildings and this machinery."

But, of course, this man would never be written up in the magazines.

It is mentioned here just to show that there are two sides to the question.

System is something like the traffic policeman. If he keeps traffic moving and prevents accidents he is worthy of his hire, but if he slows traffic and causes accidents he should be ousted.

A man begins to make progress when he

EVER TRY TO THINK?

has so many troubles that nothing worries him.

HAVE YOU EVER tried to spend an evening all alone in a room without books, without newspapers, without music?

All alone, with nothing but your thoughts to amuse you or instruct you?

Try it sometime. The experiment will help you to know yourself.

When I am traveling I often look over the men on the train and in the hotel lobbies, and I can pick out instantly those who have something on their minds besides their hats. They are able to sit quietly in one place for an hour.

The fox terriers are bobbing in and out of the smoking room, alternately chewing gum and lighting cigarettes, trying to flirt with the girls, and telling smutty stories.

Walk into the day coaches and you'll find nine-tenths of the people eating or sleeping. I don't know why it is, but a few hours' leisure seems to mean only two things to the average day coach rider—eating and sleeping.

The great things of the world are done by

AS WE WERE SAYING

men who have large resources within themselves. Most big men have been lonely men—lonely in the sense that they did a lot of silent thinking. They did not think with their mouths, nor with their lungs.

It is not recorded that Abraham Lincoln ever bored himself and yet he spent a great deal of time alone, apparently doing nothing—except thinking.

A barber once asked Daniel Webster how he wished to be shaved, and that man answered "In silence!"

The world wants your ideas, your thoughts, your conclusions, and will pay you handsomely for them if they are new and original.

Dig down into the corners of your brain. Turn over the top soil.

A quiet evening spent alone with yourself may reveal a gold nugget, or possibly a diamond.

About the time a man gets his home paid for and comfortably furnished, the family begin spending their summers in Maine and their winters in Florida.

I WANT TO LIVE NOW

A NEWSPAPER EDITOR asked me to answer this question:

If you had your choice, would you live in the present, 100 years ago, or 100 years hence?

I am ready to express my opinion: I prefer to live in the present.

I have been on this planet over a third of a century, and this has been long enough to teach me it is a waste of time and a vexation of spirit to indulge in idle day dreams of opportunities to come, or in morbid memories of opportunities missed.

We all owe reverence to the past, and we have a duty toward the future. But we are of the present, and it is NOW that counts.

Happiness lies in ourselves. We can talk across the continent now, and men couldn't do this 100 years ago. Do you think they enjoyed life any the less? One hundred years from now our descendants may be talking to Mars. Will the men of that day be any the happier?

Don't let us fool ourselves.

The opportunities to enjoy life, to express ourselves, to amount to something, are as plen-

AS WE WERE SAYING

tiful now as they have ever been, or ever will be.

A man is said to be old when he thinks the girls are getting prettier and the climate is changing.

THE PSYCHOLOGISTS have discovered that the human animal does no more than he has to do.

In other words, he is lazy.

Of course, most of us knew this long ago, but it is interesting to have the scientists give us their O. K.

The learned men put it this way: *All men exhibit a tendency toward minimum effort.*

It seems that the average man, working under ordinary conditions, does just enough to get by.

Now and then there is an exceptional man who does not like an easy time. Such a man analyzes himself and comes to the conclusion that if he is going to do any real work he must throw a scare into himself.

So he does daring things. He expands his

FRIGHTEN YOURSELF

business rapidly. He borrows money in large gobs. He takes long chances, betting on himself to make good.

Fearing the consequences of possible failure, he is able to generate more energy. When it's a case of sink or swim, we find we can swim a long way.

The psychologists say: *Men do their best thinking when they're frightened.*

As an example of how true this is, I call your attention to a statement which was recently made by the sales manager of a western concern.

"We never hire a salesman whose wife works," said this man. "It has been our experience with men of this type that they are usually failures. Either they lack pride, or fighting spirit, or else they are shiftless. The home-making, home-loving salesman not only stays put, but has a greater incentive to get ahead than the salesman who doesn't care."

Personally, I am for women's rights, and if a wife wants to work I see no objection to it, but I don't think we can get away from the fact that the average man works just about

AS WE WERE SAYING

hard enough to meet his responsibilities.

If his own income is supplemented by that of his wife, he will be less energetic than if it is up to him to bring home all the bacon.

It has also been frequently observed that the most productive and progressive periods in the life of nations are when they are fighting against terrific odds.

Not a few far-seeing men are of the opinion that Germany will make great progress during the next twenty-five years just because she is carrying a back-breaking load.

She has got to work in order to live, and her very burdens may be her salvation.

France made her greatest strides after the Franco-Prussian war, while the advancement in our own nation after the Civil War astonished the world.

All this means, if it means anything, that big responsibilities, lots of work, hard problems, make strong men.

Never let your job or your business get too small for you.

If we can believe the psychologists, the only way to stay awake is to expand your job or

SPEAKING GENERALLY

your business to conform with your own expansion.

A tourist can't help noticing that the average small-town public garage is the best building in the place.

IF WE MAY be allowed to speak, we desire to state that we hold these truths to be self-evident:

That honesty is not only the best, but the most profitable policy;

That a business succeeds only as it serves;

That no business can long exist unless it performs some service either better or more cheaply than any other agent;

That retaining the business of an old customer is more important than getting the business of a new customer;

That courtesy pays dividends regularly and promptly;

That a business which is operating without a knowledge of its cost is riding to ruin;

That the best salesmen a business can have are its customers;

AS WE WERE SAYING

That the greatest asset of a man or a business is the reputation for fair dealing;

That the good-will of the employed is just as desirable as the good-will of the trade;

That all the advertising in the world will not create a permanent demand for an inferior product;

That success in business is more often won by men who are steady, conscientious pluggers than by the brilliant on-again-off-again boys;

That common sense is the rarest commodity on the market;

That all of us know more than any of us—therefore, let us not fight our competitors but rather co-operate with them;

That the prizes in this world go to those who are orderly, industrious, fair and temperate.

A teacher must first of all be interesting, and what is taught should be tacked on to the element of interest.

MOST RADICALS WANT a redistribution of wealth.

DISTRIBUTION OF KNOWLEDGE

Most conservatives want a redistribution of knowledge.

Everyone has the spirit of humanity in his system, so that the row between radicals and conservatives is mostly over the method for bringing about a better condition of affairs.

Which is more fundamental: Distribution of wealth or distribution of knowledge?

The statement is often made that if the wealth of the world were equally divided it would in five years be back in the pockets of those who now own it.

On the other hand, suppose the knowledge of the world were equally distributed. Suppose no man knew any more than any other man, all sharing alike of the world's accumulated wisdom?

Would not this irresistibility bring about a redistribution of wealth, and maintain an equality? If all were of equal ability, and equally industrious and thrifty, there would be little opportunity for any group to take advantage of another group. The masses, in their wisdom, would quickly curb any attempt on the part of a few to exploit the many.

AS WE WERE SAYING

John D. Rockefeller isn't giving away his money, but he is giving away knowledge; that is, he is supporting institutions of learning at the cost of many millions of dollars a year.

If Mr. Rockefeller, with his universities, can bring an opportunity for education to thousands of young men, he is doing more good than if he gave away his millions in cash.

If John D. gave away cash, a few thousand persons would have more money than they had before, and Mr. Rockefeller would have less. But if he gives away ideas—knowledge—he employs thousands to distribute these ideas and provides an opportunity for others to absorb them. Thus he gets rid of his money, and in the process he makes better citizens out of a lot of people.

The trouble with most radicals is that they are in too big a hurry.

Hurry is one of the failings of the Bolshéviki in Russia.

They turned the management of factories over to men who scarcely knew how to read and write.

CLEANLINESS AND DEMOCRACY

They drove the men of special knowledge and training out of the country, thinking this was the way to get control of the money.

But they found it wasn't money or control they really wanted, but food, clothing, houses and other necessities and luxuries. Now they are learning that it takes special knowledge to produce these things, and that time and effort are required to gain this knowledge.

Any program of basic reform in Russia must have as its foundation a system of public schools. A little brick schoolhouse in every village is what the Russians need.

Universal public education is the master key that will unlock all of the storehouses of the world.

A good friend is like a favorite phonograph record—very fine but a little tiring at times.

IT IS NOT WITHOUT reason that the cartoonist instinctively draws the Bolshevik with a full crop of stiff whiskers and a disheveled hat.

AS WE WERE SAYING

It is astonishing how close is the relation between dirt and mixed thinking.

"Soap won't, of course, wash out selfishness," said the New York Globe, in a recent editorial, "or the desire for power or the yearning for liberty, yet one might say without fear of the assertion being disproved this year or next, that if perfectly sanitary conditions were established in all the cities and all the industries of the United States, violent radicalism would cease to be a menace. Men would still think and protest but not so often in terms of blood and iron."

Samuel Butler, the great English writer, is responsible for the equally keen observation that few radicals have good digestions.

Soap and a wholesome diet will, without question, do more to cultivate right thinking than any other two things that might be suggested.

You know what a difference a shave and a haircut make in your thoughts. You sit in a barber's chair, tired and depressed. A half hour later you get up, cheerful and optimistic, refreshed in mind and body.

LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE

Suppose you shaved about once a week, bathed every other week, slept between dirty blankets in a room with five other men, ate greasy, badly cooked food, and worked in a shop that never had a thorough cleaning.

You might join the "reds" and protest against the government, but you would really be protesting against dirt and bad food.

In my own experience, I have seen the entire policy of a newspaper changed from radicalism to decent liberalism by the mere act of moving the editorial offices from a dirty, ramshackle structure in a dreary section of the city to clean, modern offices in a bright section of the city.

The change was made almost unconsciously by the editors: they simply found that their whole mental attitude was changed by the new environment.

Like attracts like, and like breeds like.

It is not a coincidence that radicalism is usually associated with dirt and bad digestions.

Plenty of soap, more shower baths, better housing conditions and wholesome food

AS WE WERE SAYING

should be part of our program of Americanization.

A few dollars turned frequently will do the work of many dollars that move slowly.

MOST OF THE PROGRESS of the last 4,500 years has been in the matter of distributing the comforts and conveniences of life to the so-called common people.

This was strongly impressed upon me when I visited the Egyptian rooms in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

The Museum is financing several excavating ventures in Thebes, and this expedition has recently unearthed a number of tombs in which was found a mass of curious relics of a civilization that existed in 2500 B. C.

Among these relics I was surprised to find beautiful robes, chairs, beds, razors, combs, glassware, cooking utensils, and in fact almost every accessory of a modern home.

In the items of personal adornment these people had a full line of cosmetics, lip sticks,

FORTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

eyebrow tweezers, in fact, all the prerequisites of a Broadway flapper.

The rulers and nobility of that time lived as easily and as softly as the richest men of to-day.

It is true that they didn't travel at sixty miles an hour on flying trains, but aside from speed they traveled comfortably.

But the working people lived hard.

The great pyramids were raised by this civilization, the largest covering 13 acres at the base, and extending 461 feet into the air. It is the most massive piece of masonry ever raised by man—and it was done by hand labor.

Herodotus, the historian, relates that 100,000 men were employed for twenty years in its construction.

It is only necessary to contemplate this undertaking to gain an idea of what the life of the average man must have been in that time.

By the use of steam, electricity and labor-saving machinery our modern civilization has extended the distribution of the comforts of life until there is today in America no man

AS WE WERE SAYING

so poor that he cannot enjoy a large proportion of the comforts of life.

In other words, whether it is intended so or not, the gradual unfolding of the centuries has been in the interest of those at the bottom rather than those at the top.

Those at the top are no better off today than were the top men 4,500 years ago, but the mass of us are as kings today compared with the ancient man.

A particularly good workman always seems to have a particularly good job.

TWENTY OBSERVATIONS ON BUSINESS

1. Most men who are bull-heads for luck are also bull-heads for work.
2. As soon as the average man gets his business going nicely he begins to milk it to support a lot of "cats and dogs."
3. The only difference between a man at the head of a business and an employee, is that the former has a thousand bosses—his customers—while the latter has one—the man who employs him.

TWENTY THOUGHTS

4. Every job well done is a standing advertisement for the company that did it.

5. A sale doesn't mean anything until the customer pays the bill.

6. In taking care of new customers don't neglect the old ones.

7. Advertising pays, but a two per cent advertising appropriation won't double the volume of business over night.

8. Clean work is turned out in clean shops.

9. Try to be reasonable yourself even though your employees are unreasonable.

10. The same qualities that make for personal success also make for business success.

11. The big corporation has to fight for business just as hard as the little corporation.

12. The real problem of every man in business, is to have enough money coming in to pay debts and leave something over for profit.

13. In the long run there is neither satisfaction nor profit in making "cheap" things.

14. Unless you know your production costs, you are neither fair to yourself nor to your customers.

15. A business that is honest, courteous

AS WE WERE SAYING

and fair with its customers usually has all the work it can handle.

16. A business should be the self-expression of the man at the head of it; if it is not, neither the man nor the business will get anywhere.

17. It takes something other than wages to hold good employees; and it takes something other than low prices to hold good customers.

18. The tightest monopoly in the world can't make progress without the good-will of its customers.

19. The way to kill competition is to create something too good for competition to imitate.

20. Gross receipts don't mean anything until every bill has been paid in full.

A good many of the young men who wear wrist watches ought to own alarm clocks.

LILLIAN RUSSELL says she has written 9117 columns on how to be beautiful.

We were reminded of this recently when

THOUGHTS ARE SCULPTORS

we picked up a book entitled "The Colored Girl Beautiful," by Mrs. Alicia Hackley, a negress.

Mrs. Hackley, it seems, is a lecturer, appearing chiefly at schools for negro girls. She observed that one ambition dominated all others among the girls and that this was the desire to be beautiful. When she talked on beauty she found she could hold the attention of her girls without difficulty, and so she began to discuss this subject almost exclusively. Finally she gathered her lecture notes together and published them in book form for public distribution.

The book is a literary curiosity.

In the treatment of her subject, Mrs. Hackley sweeps aside all the traditions of the beauty doctors.

She began with the premise that thoughts are sculptors of the face.

If we have fine thoughts we will have fine faces, and if we have mean thoughts we will have ugly faces. A vacuous mind will produce a vacuous face, and a sick mind will produce a sick face.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Mrs. Hackley says that reading good books, hearing good music, attending instructive lectures, and practicing habits of industry, thrift, temperance, and politeness all contribute to the great goal—beauty.

She suggests that her readers compare the pictures of graduates of negro colleges with uneducated negroes and notice the difference.

Throughout Mrs. Hackley's book there is not one word about face powders, greasy noses, eyebrows, or any of the other quack catch phrases of the ordinary beauty doctor.

As an example of salesmanship this book is a classic.

Selling experts tell us that the way to obtain interest for a proposition is to appeal to the dominating desires of the individuals with whom we are dealing.

Most business men desire to make more money with less worry and effort, and that is the basis of most advertising and salesmanship directed at business men.

The great desire of all women of every race and color is to be beautiful.

Mrs. Hackley, therefore, has taken this

WHY WORRY?

fundamental desire as her point of contact, her means of approach, if you please, and by using it as her bait she has held the attention of her readers and auditors while she has delivered a series of lectures on such ordinary topics as industry, education and thrift.

This is the essence of salesmanship and good writing.

After a man is married he begins to put the big bills on the inside of his roll.

AN OLD SAYING: "I am an old man, and have had many troubles, most of which never happened."

The inference from this is that it doesn't pay to worry about your troubles.

But the reason why most of our troubles never happen is because we do worry about them. "Worry" is probably not the right word. "Think" or "study" would be better.

The idea that anyone can get ahead without planning for the future, or making preparations to meet a problem before it develops, is responsible for most failures.

AS WE WERE SAYING

It seems to be impossible for some people to visualize the future. When a sensible man contracts a debt, he immediately makes preparations to meet it when it falls due. A fool forgets about it until it becomes due.

There are all kinds of fools in business, but the biggest fools of all are those who are unable to chart their course more than a week ahead.

Their "no-worry" policy is a boomerang because it results in "always worry."

"Worry" about your troubles before they happen, and they won't happen.

Although something of an idealist myself, I always like to see a few reactionaries on the board of directors of any company in which I own stock.

BIG FIGURES are impressive.

It is more interesting to tell the railroads how to save a million dollars a day than it is to tell an individual how to save five cents.

But if one really wishes to startle with big figures, there is an opportunity for some soap-

SAVING NICKELS

box orator to develop a "five-cent-a-day" speech that will fairly blister the skin of his audience.

Such a speech will probably never be made, but if it were made it would run along about as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: What do you think of a country that wastes 1800 million dollars a year? I do not refer to the railroads, or the government, or the United States Shipping Board. I refer to you, my fellow citizens.

"Do you realize that through your shiftlessness and lack of forethought you are wasting 1800 million dollars annually? Do you realize that you are wasting enough money in a single year to buy out the United States Steel Corporation, the biggest corporation in the world?

"I charge that each individual in this country—man, woman and child—wastes an average of five cents a day. There are 100,000,000 of us, and five cents a day is a waste of five million dollars a day. Multiply this by the days in the year and we get 1800 million dol-

AS WE WERE SAYING

lars, with enough left over to build the biggest skyscraper in the world."

And so the soap-box orator might proceed. What possibilities he could unfold! Out of these insignificant individual savings, billions of dollars would pour into productive enterprises. The financing of great corporations could be accomplished almost overnight.

How easy would such savings be! In the matter of food and drink, where is the family that could not reduce expenses five cents per person per day through more judicious selection of items for the table, better cooking, and salvaging of leftovers?

Again, assuming that one-third of the population is productively employed, where is the employee who could not, with slight effort, save five cents a day for his employer through better application of his energies and more careful handling of materials.

Such a millenium is not considered in our first estimate. This five-cent-a-day saving plan instituted by all employees would give us an additional \$600,000,000 annually for promoting the Utopia of which we dream.

INDIVIDUAL WASTE

Seriously, the writer hopes to point out that it is not within the power of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie or a new statute to bring about Arcadia on earth.

The hope of this nation, or of any other nation, rests on the shoulders of each of its individual citizens.

Governmental waste is trifling compared to the total of the waste which goes on in each of our homes.

Only one man in a billion can accumulate a billion dollars in a lifetime. But a nation of a hundred million people can collectively accumulate a billion dollars in six months, and do it without any particular effort.

The nation with the best tools has the highest standard of living.

Tools are capital.

Through individual savings, sufficient capital could be accumulated in this country in one generation to put us fifty years ahead of any other nation in the world.

We could overhaul our railroads, irrigate our deserts, harness our water power and equip our farmers with up-to-date machinery.

AS WE WERE SAYING

By using mechanical energy to the utmost, we could actually reduce prices and raise wages at one and the same time.

Is there any reformer who has a scheme equal to this?

Don't you think someone should organize a "Society for the Improvement of Mankind through Individual Effort"?

The writer passes the idea along for what it is worth.

It is the only avenue of real progress that he sees, but he hasn't much faith that it would ever make much headway.

Most of us are so constituted that we are more interested in what we would do with Mr. Rockefeller's billion than what we will do with our own nickels.

But if we could only realize it, our nickels are far more powerful.

After all, the one big boss is the customer.

THE BEST IDEALISM is that which expresses itself in works.

I spent this morning visiting a large cloth-

THE BEST IDEALISM

ing factory which is noted over the country for its excellent product and its up-to-date methods of production.

The owners of this factory have been in business more than fifty years.

Each year they have taken the major part of their profits and put them back into the business. Each year they have so improved the method of manufacture that they have been able to lower the price to the consumer and increase the pay of the workers.

But as important as either of these, is the progress they have made in the improvement of working conditions in their factory.

I saw a thousand men and women working together in an enormous room without a single partition. The roof and walls of this room were entirely of glass. Every inch of framework was painted a snowy white. The air was fresh, clean and wholesome.

Following my inspection of this big workroom I was shown through the balance of the plant which occupies space equal in size to that of the workroom. Yet none of this space is devoted directly to production.

AS WE WERE SAYING

There are two big restaurants, one for the men and one for the women. There are game rooms, a swimming pool, shower baths, locker rooms, kitchens, and a dispensary, with a doctor, dentist and oculist in attendance.

I came away from this plant refreshed and invigorated, and with this thought: Here is a company that is setting the pace for all industry. It is doing something that is better than writing books or making speeches. It is investing sterling silver and solid gold in an ideal. And it is proving to all of us that such investments pay, if they are administered with a grain or two of common sense.

Almost any business has the makings of a good business.

THE HOTEL IS the foremost public utility of any town.

It is the organized host to the town's visitors.

A town without a good hotel is like a private house without a spare room for company.

IMPROVE YOUR HOTEL

As we travel over the country all of us remember those cities with good hotels, just as we remember those friends whose hospitality affords us comfort and pleasure.

There is a more certain profit for any town in encouraging a bad hotel to become good, and a good hotel to become better, than in any other line of effort.

At some time or other every town that wants to grow organizes a boosters' committee which goes through the motions of trying to interest outside capital to the point of making the town the site of new industrial enterprises.

Free land, exemption from taxes, and even capital, are offered these outsiders.

The trouble with this method of boosting is that it starts at the wrong place.

The first essential improvement is self improvement, and the proper place to begin improving is right at home—with the hotel.

Of course, many hotels are better than their towns, but in that case the town ought to pinch itself and encourage the hotel, and take advantage of the facilities it offers for helping the town to grow.

AS WE WERE SAYING

In other instances, where the hotel needs improving, the trouble is usually lack of capital.

No town can afford *not* to advance capital to enable its hotel or hotels to clean up, brush up, and spruce up.

The cost of modernizing a hotel is not a matter for consideration. The question is: What will the cost be if we don't do it?

With an up-to-date hotel, a town can think of inviting outside capital. Until then its efforts are wasted. One night and one meal in a backsliding hotel will drive away more prospective capital than the boosters' committee can dig up in a month.

Then, too, every town should remember that it isn't so much what citizens say as what outsiders say, that makes the best advertisement.

A traveling man in a Pullman smoker does a lot of talking, and if he is grouchy because of a bad night in a bad hotel he will leave nothing unsaid. The same man, pleased with a town because of a good hotel, is a walking advertisement for it.

THE HOTEL'S FUNCTION

But it is not alone in its influence on outsiders that a good hotel is important to a town.

Of even greater concern is a good hotel's influence on those in the town.

The hotel is the common meeting ground—the one place where all sects, creeds and groups can get together.

A good hotel is the first aid to democracy—it is one of democracy's strongholds.

The social, political and business life of any progressive community are centered around its hotel. In the ballroom are held the social functions; around the banquet table men meet and get to know each other better, smoothing out their differences; in the meeting rooms groups of all shades of opinion gather and crystallize their ideas into action—all for the town's improvement and advancement.

As people come better to understand the true function of the hotel in the community, there will be more and better hotels, and the pleasures and comforts of life will be multiplied many times.

A job well done is its own reward.

AS WE WERE SAYING

A GREAT DEAL of credit belongs to James Ogilvie Clephane for the invention and perfection of the typewriter and the linotype machine.

When C. L. Sholes, a printer, was working out the fundamental principles of the modern typewriter, he finally reached the point where he needed financial backing.

Accordingly he used his machine to write hundreds of circular letters to persons of means throughout the country. This, by the way, was the first typewritten circular letter ever put in the mails.

He received just one reply—from James Densmore of Meadville, Pa. This one man, however, proved to be all that was needed, for he backed Sholes to the limit.

When the typewriter had reached the point where the two men thought it should be given the acid test, Densmore suggested Clephane, at that time the leading reporter at Washington, D. C., as the man to try it out.

Clephane was a severe critic. Kick after kick came from him. Sholes, good-naturedly at first, started in to overcome the difficulties.

OUR OBLIGATION TO CRITICS

Finally, however, his patience was exhausted, and turning to Densmore, he said these kicks were foolish.

"I am through with Clephane," he exclaimed.

Densmore's comment was: "This candid fault-finding is just what we need. We had better have it now than after we begin manufacturing. Where Clephane points out a weak lever or rod let us make it strong. Where a spacer or an inker works stiffly let us make it work smoothly. Then, depend upon Clephane for all the praise we deserve."

This, in the view of later developments, was excellent advice.

Some of our severest critics are our very best friends—if we only had the sense to recognize this fact.

Some years later, Clephane conceived the idea of a machine that would set, mold and cast type automatically, working on the principle of a typewriter.

He was largely responsible for the employment of Ottmar Mergenthaler to build the device.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Again, Clephane's peculiar tendency of mind was put to a test. This time, however, it was Mergenthaler, the inventor, who was criticized. He had perfected one machine, and a company had been organized which began to market it.

Two years later Mergenthaler came forward with designs for a machine containing many improvements.

It was Clephane who went out and raised the funds to build such a machine, which, later, developed into a great money-maker.

The world has recognized the value of Mergenthaler's services, but does not the value of Clephane's work rank nearly as high?

An interesting and popular form of solitaire is figuring how rich you'd be if you'd stayed single.

IF WE ALL KNEW how slight is the difference in effort required to produce high-grade and low-grade work there would be mighty little low-grade work turned out.

HOW TO GET A RAISE

For instance, I had four typists working for me for several years, the nature of my work requiring a great deal of copying.

In typewriting there are such characteristics as clean letters, proper spacing, balanced margins, absence of erasures, exact paragraph indentures, and so on.

The machines on which these girls worked were of the same make, and one machine was in every respect as good as another; the girls all used the same kind of copy paper; and all had the liberty to use new ribbons as often as they felt was necessary.

Furthermore, each girl turned out approximately the same amount of work, and one seemed to work about as hard as another.

Yet I noticed that the work of one girl was of such quality that it always attracted my attention.

This girl naturally was the first to get a raise in pay, and was the first to win a promotion.

She measured up to her job; the others merely held their jobs.

She had developed a habit of mind toward

AS WE WERE SAYING

her work which marked it as superior; the others had marked their work as common.

The difference which a little extra effort makes is not only obvious in typewriting—it is obvious in every kind of work.

Sloppy work is usually the result of a sloppy habit of mind.

Clean-cut work is the result of a clean-cut habit of mind.

There is an old saying that a city can be no better than the citizens who live in it, and a business house can be no better than the individuals in it.

Rodger Dolan often says that a restaurant is never so bad but you'll find somebody eating in it.

A greasy proprietor creates a greasy restaurant, and this restaurant in turn attracts greasy customers. Greasy restaurants, however, do not make much money because greasy people make poor customers and worse proprietors.

The individual with a clean-cut habit of mind succeeds, and a business organized by these individuals succeeds, while a sloppy in-

WE EAT TOO MUCH

dividual and a sloppy business flounder in the sea of despair.

Any job well done is a good advertisement for the man or company that did it.

BROADLY SPEAKING, we all eat too much. This is not a new idea.

It is at least as old as the fifteenth century, for more than 400 years ago Luigi Cornaro wrote his book, "The Art of Living Long," which is still a classic. Cornaro, given up by his physicians to die at forty, changed his habits of living—and lived to 103. His secret was light eating, about one-third of what the average American consumes each day.

Cornaro's story fell into the hands of the great-grandfather of Thomas A. Edison. He lived along the line of Cornaro's teachings for years, and died at the age of 102.

The grandfather of the present Edison followed his father's teachings and died at the age of 103.

The grandfather's seven sons all followed the example set by their father and grand-

AS WE WERE SAYING

father, and all seven sons lived to be more than 90 years old.

Samuel Edison, father of the inventor, died at 94.

The present Edison, Thomas A., is said to have practiced Cornaro's doctrine, like his ancestors, with the result that he has passed the age of seventy in remarkable health, and with a capacity for work that is unequalled.

To follow the doctrine of Cornaro and the Edisons it is not necessary that one buy a new cook book and a set of calory scales.

The whole secret is in cutting down the quantity of food.

Eat three meals a day, and eat the things you like, but don't eat so much of them.

One of the popular fallacies is that all food is converted into energy in the body. As a matter of fact, all food taken into the body beyond that needed to meet the body's requirements is eliminated as waste.

The single exception to this is fat which is stored up in the body. But why carry excess fat around?

Not only is it a waste of food to eat too

LESS FOOD AND MORE WORK

much but it is a waste of energy. The stomach works hard to digest all the food taken in. The energy which the stomach devotes to digesting excess food might better be used by you in the performance of useful work, either with hand or brain.

Again—the excess food is not easily eliminated. Frequently it ferments in the lower intestines, the garbage can of the human system. Poison is poured into the body and the results are headaches, a tired feeling, lack of pep, laziness.

The very items of food which are high in price are the items of which most of us partake too freely, to our own individual detriment.

These items are meat and white flour and other highly concentrated foods. No man, except one engaged in hard physical labor, can eat freely of meat more than once a day without positive harm. Whole wheat bread and Graham bread are more healthful than white bread.

Greens and roots—spinach, string beans, cabbage, lettuce, parsnips, potatoes, turnips

AS WE WERE SAYING

and beets are high in bulk and low in food value. They act as a sweep to the lower intestines, helping the process of elimination and guarding against toxic poisons.

Good health is the basis of wealth. Of all spendthrifts the glutton is the worst for he squanders that which is more valuable than gold.

After all, the one quality we ask in an executive is the ability to get the job done.

ABOUT ONCE A YEAR in every city in which organized charitable relief work is carried on, the associated charities—or whatever the name of the organization may be—makes a financial report, which, if examined closely, shows that for every dollar received fifty cents goes to pay the salaries of professional workers, rent and overhead expenses.

In other words, when you give \$1 to the associated charities, only 50 cents of it reaches the poor in the form of food and clothing.

In some instances, even more than 50 per cent of the funds are eaten up in overhead ex-

OVERHEAD FOR CHARITY

penses, the proportion reaching as high as 75 cents for salaries and 25 cents for the needy.

On the face of it, this proposition looks bad for the charities, and these organizations have been the target for criticism because of this showing.

By relating an experience which came to my personal attention I believe I can show why it costs so much to give away a dollar, and why this expense is justified, at least in some cases.

A seamstress, in advanced middle age, and somewhat crippled, having once suffered two broken legs, was employed by a family of my acquaintance for a matter of two or three months. She completed her work and left.

About four months later she called the woman of the house on the telephone, and told her she was ill in bed, that she had been unable to work for two months.

Asked if she had any money, she replied she was penniless.

A visit apparently verified all her statements and \$15 was loaned to her. The next week she needed \$10 more.

AS WE WERE SAYING

By this time it was decided to let the associated charities look into the case, and make recommendations. The woman was living in a fairly expensive furnished room, she received no attention and was even compelled to prepare her own food.

The associated charities sent an expert investigator to interview the woman. Her record was then sought in the files of the charities, with the result that she was revealed to be a periodic drug victim and whisky drinker.

The members of the family who had been helping the woman immediately saw they were unqualified to handle the case further, so they turned the whole thing over to the charities.

In the end, the woman was placed in a public institution where she received the attention that enabled her to regain her strength and where she was treated for her habits.

In the handling of this case the charities were required to spend practically nothing for actual provisions, but it was necessary that they spend a great deal of expensive time on the case. This time was charged up to sala-

TOO MUCH FEELING

ries and would so appear in the annual report.

And yet it appears to me the case was handled exactly as it should have been.

Without the woman's record, without the skill and training of the investigator, without the knowledge of the public institution, built to handle such cases, the whole thing would have been expensively bungled.

One thing in favor of professional charity workers is that their feelings become hardened, thus giving them a chance to think.

Most of us are all feeling when we are confronted with a case of destitution. We don't think and so with our money we often do more damage than good.

The outright giving of money is bad for both the giver and the receiver.

It is far better to help a man to help himself.

This is what organized charity is seeking to do.

Character is the most important thing in this life—next to that is knowing when to stop talking.

AS WE WERE SAYING

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" asked Shakespeare. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

But Shakespeare never tried to sell a perfume under the name of "Swanson's Odor Remover."

A good name has a very definite value, and this fact is well known to every salesman and every advertiser.

The object of this article, however, is not to discuss names of trade products, but the names of human beings.

A good name, that is, a name that sounds well and that has good associations, is of absolute cash value to any individual.

A name that is easy to pronounce and to spell correctly is better than a name hard to pronounce and difficult to spell.

Any reader of this who has an uncommon surname which is difficult to transmit over the telephone will appreciate the point.

A name rich in vowels and short is better than a name containing many letters and consonants. Vowels are the backbone of our language. The original Anglo-Saxon words con-

CONSIDER THE WILLIAMS

tain many vowels which give them strength. The biblical names are rich in vowels.

Then a name is valuable to its owner if it has good associations. It takes on a good-will value.

Consider a common given name like William. There have been millions of Williams, and probably a fair percentage of them came to untimely ends at the hangman's post, but on the other hand there have been thousands of notable successes bearing the name of William. Shakespeare himself gave no small amount of prestige to the name. People do not think it unusual that a man bearing the name should aspire to high office, and yet the writer could mention several names which would cost their owners votes in an election booth.

Imagine yourself marking a non-partisan ballot, attempting to select four candidates out of a field of twelve. Suppose you had neglected to inform yourself regarding the qualifications of the men before you entered the booth. The only basis on which you could choose your men would be on their names.

AS WE WERE SAYING

The names with the best associations, the strongest sounding names, would get your vote.

This is true not only in the voting booth, but also in the field of business. Unconsciously, the man with the right kind of a name is given preference over his less fortunate rival.

Unfortunately, there is little that any of us can do to overcome the disadvantage of a weak name, although this has been managed by some men who have dropped their first name and adopted their middle name, or have used their initials exclusively to avoid revealing a weak first name.

It behooves all of us to see that those for whom we are responsible are not handicapped in life by being burdened with weak and uncommon names.

A boy will develop more strength of character if he has a name to which he must live up than if he has a name which he must live down.

What's become of the woman who used to refer to her husband as "my man"?

THE MAN WHO PAYS

MY FRIEND, RODGER DOLAN, is continually telling me that the man who pays the bills for a good piece of work is entitled to as much credit as the man who actually does the work.

The other day we were walking along the street and I pointed out a new skyscraper to Rodger. I mentioned the name of the architect who designed it, adding that it was a monument to his ability and good taste.

"Yes, that's true," said Dolan, "but don't forget that the architect is never able to design a better building than his client is willing to pay for. The man who paid the bills in this case must have had a fine sense of the beautiful and the appropriate, or he would never have let the architect spend as much money as he did."

Dolan is also arguing that the man who buys a fine painting, who publishes a good book, who invests money in a new invention, is entitled to as much credit as the painter, writer or inventor.

There is a good deal of sense in this point of view.

I remember reading recently about a firm

AS WE WERE SAYING

of manufacturing chemists in England, at one time the leaders in their line. The members of the firm became millionaires largely through the fact that one man, an associate, was a very able chemist. When he retired, the firm ceased to develop. His successors employed several able chemists, but these had no control over the business policy and the end was disaster.

The editor of *London Engineering* states that at one time the leading chemist of this firm was the late Professor Meldola. When he invented his famous blue, however, the firm refused to take it up, and he accordingly published an account of his discovery with the result that it founded the fortune of a leading German firm.

The successor of Meldola was Professor Green, who invented primulin, a dye of an entirely new type. This the firm refused to patent, and within a few weeks it was in consequence made in Germany, the whole advantage being lost to England.

In view of these facts, is it not apparent that the directors of a business who have the

IDEAS AND CASH

judgment, the foresight and the speculative instinct which prompt them to put their money back of a new idea are entitled to as much credit as the originator of the idea?

It is said that only two per cent of inventions are successfully marketed. The remainder go into the scrap heap of broken hopes. The profits on the successful inventions hardly more than offset the losses on the unsuccessful ones.

It takes courage to back up a new idea with hard cash.

Those men who are able to discern the germ of success in the model of a new device, and who are willing to risk their fortunes in the production and marketing of it, are entitled to no small degree of credit.

I am beginning to believe that Dolan is right: that the man who pays the bills is entitled to a lot more credit than he has been getting.

The fellow who complains that he is not getting enough is usually not giving enough.

AS WE WERE SAYING

A CERTAIN PHILOSOPHER once said that every man desires to be a teacher.

If this is so, every modern business man has an opportunity to fulfill his ambition, for every business house is an educational institution.

The industry that makes such an elemental thing as pig iron has the problem on its hands of educating its buying public to use iron of the quality which it produces.

The foundry that turns pig iron into stove castings must educate its buyers to the value of castings of a certain, uniform quality.

The stove manufacturer who uses these castings in producing stoves turns educator in the sense that he must bring the buyers of stoves up to his standard of what a stove should be. He spends his money freely to increase the efficiency of his stove, to make it more convenient, more sanitary, and less costly in upkeep. His prospective customers are now using less efficient stoves; he must educate them to use up-to-date stoves.

The manufacturers of road-building materials are responsible for our good roads. They

CONCERNING EDUCATORS

forced the public to act in its own interest by a campaign of persistent education.

The manufacturers of bathroom fixtures deserve credit for the abolition of the regular Saturday night bath habit—no more, no less—and the substitution of a higher degree of personal cleanliness.

To the manufacturers of men's clothing must be awarded the honor of having improved the personal appearance of all men, and particularly young men. Twenty years ago the average young man was ashamed to appear well-dressed; he thought it smacked of the dude and mollycoddle.

The makers of safety razors have seen to it that the daily shave is the rule, and not the exception.

Respect must even be accorded book publishers, who have sent out agents broadcast over the land and literally pestered people into buying and reading worth-while books, to their own profit.

Think of the gigantic educational problem that has confronted the insurance companies! Let us thank them for mastering it as well as

AS WE WERE SAYING

they have, for few of us would own a dollar's worth of insurance had it not been for those solicitors who would not take "NO!" for an answer.

Some of the largest businesses today are totally the result of the education of the prospective buyers.

For instance, take the cash register and the adding machine industries.

The average man who buys one of these appliances gets with it a practical course in system and accounting. The cash register and the adding machine salesmen are teachers in every respect. The influence of the industries built up around these appliances is felt in every part of the world.

The sale of a filing cabinet and a card index system is totally dependent on a desire for order, system, and efficiency in an office, and to create this desire is a problem in education to which the makers of these devices have applied themselves.

All these men are teachers helping us forward to a democracy, because a real democracy is real efficiency.

BLUE MONDAY

*The older we get the more truth we see
in the copy-book maxims.*

MR. B. H. ARNOLD of the General Electric Company says he has been able to eliminate "blue Monday."

He has done it by cutting out a heavy Sunday dinner.

"I eat a good breakfast about 10 o'clock Sunday morning," Mr. Arnold says, "and I don't eat again until evening—and then only a light supper."

Of course, Mr. Arnold's plan means less work in the kitchen. It makes Sunday a day of rest for the entire household.

Again, the heavy, sleepy feeling which most of us experience after a heavy Sunday dinner, and which usually culminates in a row with the children and a nap, is eliminated. Mr. Arnold says that while he used to be only half alive on Sunday he now finds he is wide-awake and full of energy, that in spring and summer he takes long walks and drives his automobile, and that in winter he reads and actually does some thinking.

AS WE WERE SAYING

But we started out to explain about blue Monday.

Blue Monday is almost entirely the result of over-eating on Sunday.

Men who are in the habit of doing hard physical labor during the week, lie around on Sunday and literally stuff themselves with food for which the body has no need. By Monday the lower intestines are clogged with waste, and the poison is spread through the body, resulting in that "blue" feeling.

By Tuesday the body has recovered from Sunday's food drunk, and things get back to normal.

What is true of Sunday over-eating also holds for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year and Fourth of July over-eating.

It is an axiom among physicians that a holiday is followed by an increase in sickness. Most of our colds and our grip originate during the holidays and are a result of lowered resistance due to over-eating.

The time is coming when gluttony, over-eating, will be in the same class as drunkenness—over-drinking.

TAKING THE BEST FIRST

At least once in a lifetime everybody gets the idea he would like to drop everything and move to Samoa, the South Sea Island or some equally far-distant place.

SAMUEL BUTLER ADVISES us to eat our grapes downwards.

When you eat grapes downwards, he says—that is, when you eat the best grape first, the next best second, and so on—every grape on the bunch, down to the very last, partakes of a superlative quality.

Samuel Butler's most famous book is "The Way of All Flesh" but the most interesting of his works is his "Note Books" in which he makes the observation narrated above. George Bernard Shaw, by the way, acknowledges a debt to Butler.

Following up the point about the grapes, Butler recalls that he was at one time compelled to wash the dishes after the evening meal. He says he always did the knives first because they were the easiest, saving the pans until last. He was led to do this by reflecting that if he were struck dead in the midst of

AS WE WERE SAYING

dish washing, he would be much disappointed at having done the dirty work first.

On this principle, the philosophic Butler argues that autumn is more enjoyable than spring, and that the latter half of life is better than the first half.

In autumn, he points out, we take our days downwards. Every day is a "best" day because we know that worse weather is coming.

In spring, on the contrary, the weather improves with the advance of the season and every day is "very bad."

So it is in youth.

Every year up, to, say, fifty, is unsatisfactory no matter how many blessings it brings us, because we expect so much more the next year.

After passing the half century mark, we begin to take our years downwards. We relish the youth that is left.

At first reading this sounds plausible.

But is it true?

Does not the element of fear neutralize the entire enjoyment in taking the best first?

Most of us are constantly foregoing pleas-

STORING UP JOY

ures today that we may enjoy them tomorrow.

In my own case, eating the best grapes first, robs every other grape of flavor, for most of my joy of anything is in anticipation.

If I eat the best grape first I have played my best card; thereafter there is no watering of the mouth in expectation of the delicacies to come.

Personally, I like the way the acrobats in the vaudeville theatres arrange their programs. Their first feat is good; their second usually raises your hair; the third, fourth, and fifth lift you from your seat, and by the time the orchestra stops playing and the performers are posed for the finale, you are in such a state of nervous excitement that only the fear of creating a public scene prevents you from yelling for the police.

Few of us ever have a "best" time, a "best" year—the fountain of hope bubbles so freely that we always anticipate something better.

We store up our pleasures for old age, and when old age comes we again postpone them that our children may have more.

Those who can eat their grapes downwards

AS WE WERE SAYING

may have the best of it, but few of us are constructed that way.

What has become of the old-fashioned housewife who used to have the Monday washing on the line by seven o'clock?

EVERY OCCUPATION, every business contains the germ of nobility.

Business, work, was ignoble just as long as those who followed the processes of production and exchange thought it was ignoble.

The moment men grasped the true significance of their occupation—their business—they lifted it to a plane of eminence.

Business today is the finest of all professions and the most noble because in business there is the greatest opportunity for service.

For instance, in the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, twenty-five years ago, a stocky Scotch-Irish lad was working at a blacksmith's forge.

His family had followed blacksmithing for five generations.

They had all been good blacksmiths, pos-

NOBILITY IN BUSINESS

sessing strength and skill characteristic of those who follow this trade.

This man says he is still a blacksmith, but in his city he is better known as the founder and president of one of the largest heavy forging plants in the country.

His employees now number 3500 and he is erecting a new plant where 2000 more men will be employed.

As the proprietor of this great establishment, this man has simply multiplied the strength and skill of his right arm by means of machinery. He is still doing a good job of blacksmithing. Fundamentally, he is following the trade of his forefathers, but he has brought it up to twentieth century standards.

The modern five and ten cent store is the outgrowth of the lowest form of merchandising, but it has been ennobled by a man with a vision, and to be connected with one of these stores in an executive capacity today gives a man social position.

Junk dealers once were at the bottom in the social scale of business.

Today there are junk dealers who patronize

AS WE WERE SAYING

art, and are members of the city's best clubs.

They made their business useful in a large way, and by their very usefulness and service they compelled recognition.

Like the foundation of a building, any philosophy can be undermined if we dig deep enough.

THOSE WHOSE BUSINESS it is to observe the habits and tendencies of people say that it is impossible to forecast what an individual will do, but that it is easy to forecast with scientific accuracy what 1,000 people will do, under a given set of circumstances.

Thus, if a man stood on a busy street corner all day, he would find that of every 1000 men who passed him, a certain, fixed number were smoking. This number would vary only slightly from hour to hour.

From his observations, he would be able to formulate a law of average regarding the smoking habit, and he would be able to say positively what the percentage of smokers is.

He would also be able to say regarding any

STABILITY OF ORGANIZATIONS

individual that the chances are three to one or five to three that he smokes, but he could not make a positive prediction.

The life insurance companies can tell us the average length of a man's life in different occupations and environments, but they cannot tell us what is most important to the individual—how long *he* has to live.

The individual is a law unto himself—the group is a known quantity. This, we believe, helps to explain why an organization becomes more powerful, more efficient, than an individual.

The individual is erratic, subject to alternating spells of gloom and optimism; he is productive today, but tomorrow he is without an idea. He is not stable.

The organization, on the other hand, is subject to a definite law of averages. It will turn out a product of uniform quality and quantity; it will make fewer mistakes than the individual; and it will be on the job every day.

An organization increases the strength of each of its units, because it gives to each of its members greater confidence and power. The

AS WE WERE SAYING

individual knows that if he makes a mistake that others will correct it before serious damage is done or expense incurred; and this gives him courage he would not otherwise assert.

The life of an organization is not subject to the hazards that surround the individual. An organization cannot be run over by a street car, or shot down by a highwayman.

The organization is man's way of overcoming the laws of chance, and capitalizing the law of averages.

It's easy to write a recommendation for a man you don't know very well, but if you want a real job try writing one for yourself.

HERE IS AN IDEA that ought to interest every young man who works for a living.

The worker gets the biggest profit out of any job that is well done.

This profit is entirely aside from the money that changes hands in the transaction.

It is the profit of increased ability, the capacity to do more and better work.

THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK

Under the old-time apprenticeship, a boy not only worked for a period of years without wages, but his father paid a certain sum to insure him the opportunity to work.

The apprentice is practically extinct, and, at times it appears that the idea back of the apprenticeship has also disappeared.

This idea is that the opportunity to work means an opportunity to learn.

A living business is the best business laboratory ever devised.

Our best knowledge is that which we absorb as a result of action, work. This is the knowledge that is a part of us, just like our hands and feet. We do not forget it, as with book learning. It is always ours to command.

I firmly believe that if any young man will get this thought deeply rooted in his mind, he will increase his chances for promotion one hundred per cent.

Of all jobs a "soft snap" gives the lowest return to the worker, and regardless of the salary it carries, for it develops habits of idleness, and robs the holder of his most valuable asset—the ability to think hard and work hard.

AS WE WERE SAYING

No one can escape this truth, for it is the most obvious thing in life.

In a big city, a man can never get so dirty that he can't find a dirtier restaurant in which he will feel at home.

ADVERTISING IS STILL an experimental science in the sense that few laws have been formulated and demonstrated to be invariable in their action.

But there is one law to which there have been no exceptions up to the present time, and that is as follows: In the long run there is no profit in advertising a product that will not give satisfaction.

The most successful advertisers have been those who have featured their best goods in their advertising. They have offered the public quality, economy and value, taking a smaller margin of profit on their advertised lines than on their unadvertised lines.

Much harm has been done to the cause of advertising in fiction and in the drama, the writers of these having given out the impres-

ADVERTISING

sion that advertising is a magic touchstone that will sell anything.

The fact is, of course, that the best business-getter now, as always, is a superlative product.

The seller generally loses money on his first order, because the selling expense in opening up a new account is so high. He makes his money on his repeat orders, and unless the goods give satisfaction and profit to the user, he will get no repeat orders.

Advertising is in the nature of a dragnet for pulling in the first orders, and re-enforcing the intention to buy again.

But unless the first order gives satisfaction all the advertising in the world will not overcome the hesitation of the man who feels he has been stung once.

Ignorance is bliss—particularly in the matters of knowing the cost per mile of driving an automobile.

THE WHOLE BASIS of efficiency is health.
On the desk where this is being written

AS WE WERE SAYING

is a magazine devoted to better efficiency in business.

It is filled with suggestions on how to get more work into a day of twenty-four hours.

But—

In this particular number the editor asks that his subscribers be lenient with him for a few months, and overlook any irregularities in the appearance of the magazine, because his health has broken down and he has been forced to take a long vacation to recuperate.

Of course, a stomach specialist may die of indigestion, and his death may be no reflection on his expert knowledge, but it is a black mark against his common sense.

This editor is doing good work, and his paper is interesting, but he ought to devote at least part of his vacation to a reflection on his inconsistencies.

The basis of all efficiency is common sense.

Or, better yet, efficiency is common sense.

A man who preaches efficiency sixteen hours a day, and fails to practice efficiency in the process, needs a rest to regain his equilibrium.

WORK NEVER HURT ANYONE

Nature won't put up with that sort of thing.

Nature has a way of taking us in hand every now and then as she has done with this editor.

The fact is that any system of efficiency that doesn't put good health at the top of the list of human assets is constructed on a foundation of quicksand.

To ill health can be traced most of our misery, shiftlessness and laziness.

A man in good health has the energy, initiative, judgment and skill that are denied the man in ill health.

To overlook health in the scramble to do a bigger day's work is as foolish as advertising for new customers while the old customers are walking out through inattention.

We are not opposed to a full day's work. Most of us don't do half as much as we should.

Work never hurt anyone.

It isn't this kind of work that causes men to break down. Most break-downs are the result of overworked internal organs.

Generally speaking, every one in this country who makes more than a bare living, eats too much.

AS WE WERE SAYING

It is the imperfect digestion and incomplete elimination of this excess food that fills our sanitariums with broken down business men who think they are overworked.

Next time you feel as though you were on the verge of a break-down, keep on working but quit eating; don't quit working and keep on overeating.

Every man has some weakness—a common one is making suggestions to his wife about running the house.

VOLUNTARY IGNORANCE is as great a crime as voluntary idleness.

A government official, who seems to speak with authority, states that a small but alarming percentage of the drafted men were unable to write their own names.

Many more were illiterate in the sense that they did not possess the roots of an education.

In this day no man or woman can offer an excuse for inability to read or write.

This statement can be broadened: It is criminal for any mature inhabitant of this

IGNORANCE IS CRIMINAL

country not to read a daily newspaper, or its equivalent regularly.

This thought leads to another: The education we get is only a means to an end. The ability to read and write, in itself, is as useless as a cargo of gold at the bottom of the sea. We must use our ability to make it valuable.

Any man who can read and write has only himself to blame if he has not the equivalent of a college education at forty.

The ability to read is like possessing a key to the greatest treasure house in the world. The man who can read is by that fact the companion of the greatest of immortals—the thinkers of all times. Their knowledge and thoughts are his to absorb—they are as free as the air he breathes.

Socrates, Plato, Bacon, Shakespeare, Franklin, Voltaire, Hugo, Huxley, Buckle will lay their choicest wares before him and ask nothing in return except a mental alertness on his part, sufficient to grasp their ideas.

The very quantity of reading seems to be the reason for the cheapness in which this route to progress is held.

AS WE WERE SAYING

The near-illiterate man who would improve his mind by reading is appalled at the immensity of a public library.

"How can I hope to get anywhere when there is so much to be read?" he asks, and so he reads nothing.

He forgets that a scant dozen books comprised the library of Abraham Lincoln. To be well-read it is not necessary to read many books.

It is better to digest one book thoroughly than to gargle a hundred.

President Eliot searched the literature of the world and found that the basis of a liberal education was contained in books that filled only a five-foot shelf.

It is a good rule to confine your reading to books that are interesting.

Read books that have stood the test of time.

These books are just as up-to-date now as when they were written, for they deal with fundamental truths.

Don't force yourself to read. If reading comes hard, it means that you have the wrong book. Hunt around until you find the right

WHAT EDUCATION IS

book, the book that interests you at the particular time you read it.

A young man living in a small town should read a daily newspaper, published in a metropolitan city. The most accurate and most complete newspaper in the country sells for 85 cents a month, delivered daily to your home by the postman. The yearly subscription price of the most popular and most interesting weekly is \$2.00. Another weekly, containing a digest of domestic and foreign news, sells for \$4.00 a year. Then it is also a good plan for everyone to subscribe for the trade paper containing the news of his particular business. The cost of all this would not be much over \$10 a year, less than it costs to smoke one nickel cigar every day.

A misconception of what education is and how it is obtained keeps many in ignorance.

Among the ignorant the view is general that an education can be obtained only in schools and from teachers.

The fact is that any education we obtain is the result of our own individual efforts.

The school and teacher function merely as

AS WE WERE SAYING

guides and disciplinarians. But the man who really wants an education does not need a disciplinarian, and his own natural common sense will guide him to choose the proper means to the end.

Don't try to do everything—let posterity solve some of the problems.

IN EVERY COMMUNITY there are certain usages, customs, habits or folkways to which everyone conforms.

We are born into these habits and customs and we accept them, just as we accept the air we breathe, without question.

The customs of the time or of the community in which we live govern our viewpoint on religion, marriage, divorce, property, duty to parents, social etiquette and so on.

For instance, in a certain native Australian tribe, it is the custom for the prospective bridegroom to knock his bride senseless and drag her to his home. Among this particular people a woman would be ashamed to be wooed and won in any other way.

WHEN IN ROME

To walk away from her parents' home arm in arm with her future husband would be the height of immodesty.

Eskimo girls always weep when they leave home with their husbands, regardless of the degree of their happiness.

In countries where polygamy is the rule women are ashamed to be married to a man who has only one wife.

The Egyptians thought the Greeks were unclean because they ate cow's flesh.

Negroes of East Africa are disgusted at the sight of white men eating fowl and eggs.

The knowledge of the habits, customs or ways of a foreign country is essential before a successful selling campaign can be inaugurated.

The reason the English have been so successful as colonizers is because they have not tried to disturb the customs of the natives. And, by the same token, this is the reason why the English have been able to build up such a large foreign trade. They have given the people what they wanted, not what they thought they ought to have.

AS WE WERE SAYING

It is usual with missionaries who go out to foreign lands to assume that "our ways" are right and the natives' ways are wrong.

In missionary schools the children are frequently taught to despise the ways of their race. This always makes trouble, according to sociologists.

The man who goes out to sell in a foreign country under the delusion that "his way" is right is going to have his head bumped against a stone wall.

Another interesting point about the folkways is their relation to new inventions and improved products.

Take a substitute for lard of which there are many on the market. Now, for many generations, housewives have been in the habit of using lard for shortening and for frying.

The substitute may be cheaper, cleaner and better in every respect.

But the housewife has always used lard! To get her to change is a herculean task, requiring the best brains of the advertising and selling professions.

It required years of education to introduce

IN THE SMOKE AND OIL

the telephone into business life, or, if you please, into the ways of the times.

The ways or habits are constantly changing. They are not hastened or retarded by legislation. A law that does not conform to the ways of the time is a dead-letter, and we have tens of thousands of such laws on our statute books.

The average reformer is always in a hurry to get a law passed. He gets the law but the law means nothing unless it is in conformity with the custom.

Did you ever notice that most financial writers are poor?

IN THE SMOKE AND OIL and dust and sweat of a foundry and machine shop, it is hard for us to see the real and finer side of business.

What is it all for, and what is the thing that inspires the owners to stay on the job?

Of course, first of all, it is profits.

The main idea of all business is to make money. The profit and loss account is the heart beat of business.

AS WE WERE SAYING

But there is something else.

The other day, I visited a medium-sized plant in a small city where they make huge alligator shears, and which they sell to steel plants, railroads, contractors, and scrap iron dealers.

The last form the bulk of the business.

I talked to the son of the founder, a young man in his thirties, who had assumed the practical management of the plant.

Here was a business that you would hardly expect to appeal to the imagination of a young man who was in the habit of wearing pressed clothes and clean linen. The shop was necessarily dirty, due to the nature of the business. The neighborhood was uninviting, off from the business district and chopped up by switch yards. The plant was a two-story brick structure, with the office on the second floor—no oak or mahogany woodwork, just plain painted soft-board lumber.

A typical last generation foundry and machine shop!

But this young man hadn't inherited a last generation imagination.

WHY BUSINESS IS NOBLE

He had been put through the mill by his father—two years in the plant, three years of selling in the field, and now in his fourth year at an inside desk job, managing.

Evidently he was making a success, for the last four years had been the most successful in the history of the company.

The source of his enthusiasm was the service his shears would give. The whole thing came out in a story he told.

"Six years ago," he said, "I made four special trips to Detroit to sell one of our shears to a scrap iron dealer. At the time this man had only two wagons and a small yard. His total profits netted him ordinary wages, but by persistent thrift he had accumulated about \$1,500, enough to buy one set of shears. My job was to break down his resistance to letting that hard-earned cash leave his hands.

"Well, to make the story short, he installed our shears. By being able to cut his scrap into marketable lengths, he at once doubled his profit on every ton of iron. He began to grow. The next year we sold him another shears. Now he has a battery of eight. He has moved

AS WE WERE SAYING

into a new yard, and is probably one of the most prosperous dealers in the city."

It seemed to us that this young man's development symbolizes the whole trend of modern business.

Every business has a social aspect, if we have the imagination to see it.

From that small-town plant are going forth not merely hulking alligator shears, but opportunities for industrious scrap dealers to rise to fortune.

This man is selling more than five or ten tons of iron and steel when he sells his shears. He is putting men into business.

Because he looks at it this way, the oil and sweat and dust don't worry him, and he is increasing the sales and making more money than those who look only to profit.

If you treat some men courteously they think you are "easy."

DO THE NEWSPAPERS give us a true picture of New York?

Anyone who has any feeling for order, sys-

NEW YORK CITY

tem, and cleanliness must get a thrill when he visits the metropolitan district of New York City.

The greatest sights in New York are to be seen in the streets, in the subways, in the railroad terminals, in the hotels, and in the towering office structures.

When I am at home in the middle west, I read in the newspapers of New York's police scandals, Tammany graft exposures, cabarets, new plays, and parades.

From these long distance accounts one expects that every third person on the streets will be a political grafter, a gunman, or a show girl.

But when I go to New York I come in contact with a very fine type of traffic policeman; I see millions of people brushing shoulders on the streets, in the elevators and in the subways, all being as considerate and courteous as could be expected; I see 50 wholesome plays to one with a racy flavor; the cabarets for the most part are so tame that they bore me; and I observe that the streets are always clean and in repair.

AS WE WERE SAYING

New York is reputed to have the best schools in the country. The death rate in the epidemic of influenza was lower in New York than in any other city. New York does more construction work in the course of a year than any railroad, and the city has a larger payroll than any corporation.

The Grand Central and the Pennsylvania terminals are monuments to the industrial greatness of America. They are more wonderful than the pyramids in Egypt or the temples in India.

Fifth Avenue, the commercial art center of the country, is unequalled anywhere in the world in the beauty of the window displays.

The Woolworth Building is an engineering and architectural triumph, artistically beautiful and commercially successful.

Who is responsible for New York's splendor? Somebody must have brains. Does Tammany Hall do a better job than it gets credit for? Or have the business men of New York gone ahead and built up this great city in spite of the politicians and croaking reformers?

JAMES CRICHTON

*Count your blessings as nothing—unless
you're willing to work hard.*

JAMES CRICHTON WAS probably the greatest prodigy that ever lived.

He was born in 1560 in Scotland.

At thirteen he was given the college degree of bachelor of arts.

At seventeen he was a master of arts.

At nineteen he went about Europe challenging all the learned men to meet him in open forum. He boasted he could answer any question in any field of learning, speaking in any one of ten languages. He confounded his auditors not only with his remarkable knowledge, but with the facility of his expression.

He was literally a human encyclopedia, knowing all.

Not only did Crichton startle the world with his feats of mental agility, but he was equally proficient in nimbleness and strength of body.

He was a painter, a singer, a dancer, a horseman, a card player, apparently equally skilled in all the social and fine arts.

AS WE WERE SAYING

One of his biographers called him "The Admirable Crichton," a sobriquet that has been written into literature, and now means a person who can turn his hand to anything.

Crichton was killed at the age of twenty-two by a drunken prince.

The remarkable part of his career, and the point we wish to emphasize here, is that The Admirable Crichton was as helpless as an inanimate library when it came to putting his vast knowledge to use. He accomplished no useful thing during his short life, and his biographers doubt whether a longer life would have made any difference. He invented nothing, he formulated no new theory, not a single noble thought bears his name. His mind was like the wax of a recording phonograph; it received impressions and reproduced what was recorded.

Mere learning serves no useful purpose.

Don't be alarmed because you haven't a college degree.

To be useful a man must apply and interpret knowledge. This, The Admirable Crichton with all his book-learning could not do.

AUTOMOBILES AND CRUELTY

*If you can swim in water six feet deep
you can swim in water a mile deep.*

CHANGES COME ABOUT in queer ways.

The inventors of the automobile have done more than any other agency to stop cruelty to animals.

No doubt there are many persons who would go so far as to assert that the automobile has justified itself on the sole ground of practically eliminating the horse as a beast of burden. Not that the horse is already a past number, but it is becoming so.

The relationship between a man and a horse is one of feeling; the relationship between a man and an automobile is one of thinking.

When a driver gets mad at a horse he jerks the bit and applies the whip. When a driver gets mad at an automobile his friends laugh at him.

Because of this fact the automobile is doing its part to raise human standards, and to develop human character.

Beating a dumb beast hurts the man more than the animal. Men have been less brutal

AS WE WERE SAYING

since human slavery was abolished; they will be still less brutal when the workhorse is retired to the pasture.

A man who is in the habit of beating horses finds it easy to beat women and children.

Anyone who drives an automobile forms the habit of thinking about his troubles instead of feeling about them.

If his engine knocks he doesn't kick it or beat it; he looks at the spark plugs and the commutator. In doing this he learns to control his feelings, and to look for causes.

It isn't necessary to arrest men for failure to put blankets around their automobile radiators in mid-winter—even the automobiles that used to be parked in front of saloons were nicely blanketed, while horses stood at hitching posts for hours in zero weather with no protection.

The automobile is just one manifestation of how all progress is interlocked. The efficient thing is always the humane thing.

*If the work you are doing is useful it will
return you a good living.*

BIG HEADS

ONE DAY LAST SPRING I was eating lunch in a restaurant when my host pointed to a sixty-year-old postman who was walking by.

"That man has the largest head in New York City," said my friend. "He wears a hat of size 18."

There was no question that the head was of extraordinary proportions. The forehead bulged far out over the eyes, and the bump in the rear resembled an overhanging mountain.

The owner of this enormous head does not deliver mail; he collects mail. The latter job requires less brain activity than the former.

Would not this man be better off with larger feet and a smaller head? He is using his feet from eight to ten hours a day, and using his head hardly at all.

The fact is that few of us need larger heads. The average brain, it is said, contains nine million brain cells. An average man's brain weighs 50 ounces, this being 2.16 per cent of the weight of the body. A woman's brain averages 44 ounces or 2.24 per cent of the body weight.

The ratio of the weight of the brain to the

AS WE WERE SAYING

body in human beings surpasses that of all other animals. The creator has been very generous with us humans, a fact which should disturb us when we reflect that some delivery horses seem to have as much intelligence as their drivers.

Instead of larger brains we need to make a greater effort to use the equipment with which we are already endowed by nature.

Geniuses are often men with smaller than normal brains. The distinguishing feature of the brain of a great scholar is not the size, but the arrangement of the brain cells. A well used brain contains very deep and crooked furrows and hundreds of creases appear which are not found at all in the brains of ordinary men.

These furrows and creases indicate that the brain has been used, that thoughts have beaten paths through it and tilled it, much as a farmer tills virgin soil.

Society is now organizing itself so that the man who does not use his head can find no employment. In the competition of life, don't worry if your head is small and don't boast

IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS

if it is large. Large or small, the chances are you have far more brain capacity than you will ever use.

Great writers are those who voice our own aspirations.

I WONDER IF YOU ever read the weeklies from the country towns.

It isn't what you see in print that is interesting—it's what you read between the lines.

In a weekly from way up in northern Michigan, I notice that the ladies' guild held a supper and social at the Methodist church last Thursday evening to raise a purse for the minister.

I'll bet a Corona-Corona against a pipe full of fine-cut that fifty-three grown-ups, and a hundred and thirty-six children sat down to a feast that would make the maitre d' hotel of the Ritz-Carlton weep.

I can see the table now, covered with clean white linen, and fairly groaning under the load of good things to eat: home-cured boiled ham, done to a turn, and so tender that only a

AS WE WERE SAYING

blade of a razor-like sharpness will slice it; fried chicken, browned and fairly oozing deliciousness; veal loaf, cottage cheese, marmalade, strawberry jam, crabapple jelly, pickled peaches, hot scalloped potatoes; custard, apple, mince, and blackberry pies; freshly baked, snowy white bread, as soft and finely grained as a baby's hand; newly churned butter; and finally, piping hot coffee, made in a wash boiler and diluted with rich, thick cream.

I can see the two dozen members of the ladies' aid society, the grandmothers in the full flowing expansive white aprons, and the younger members in their fancier and saucier little white ruffled affairs.

One of the deacons is complimenting a round-faced, spectacled old grandlady of seventy-eight on her apple pie, which is so good that if it were any better it would fall apart, and she is telling him that it isn't as good as she usually makes, that she had a little trouble with the oven this morning, and one of the grandchildren had an attack of colic and she forgot it for a few minutes.

AS A MAN FEELS

The price of a ladies' aid supper used to be twenty-five cents—fifteen for children—and the cost of the raw food you ate was at least a dollar. Maybe the price is fifty cents now, but that doesn't make any difference—it's all for the minister and the cause is a worthy one.

*Good traveling companions are better
than a fast train.*

JOHN RAPER, A NEWSPAPERMAN, tells how he once went to his tailor to try on a new suit of clothes.

As he stood before the mirror he complained to the tailor that he did not like the fit of the coat. He was told that it was an exact duplicate of his previous suit, and that it had been fitted with exceptional care.

"What you need, Mr. Raper, is a shave," said the tailor.

Raper agreed to try the remedy, and as he started for the barber shop next door the tailor suggested that he also get his shoes shined.

A half hour later he came back, tried on the

AS WE WERE SAYING

suit, and said he was completely satisfied, that it looked as well as any suit he had ever had on.

The tailor then explained that this was not an isolated instance. He said he frequently delayed letting his customers try on new clothes when they appeared with dusty shoes or faces.

Some business men say that fifteen extra minutes spent in brushing up in the morning will get them home an hour earlier in the evening, meaning that they can work faster when they look and feel spick and span.

Economy is simply a study of the problem of income and expenditure.

MAN IS HIS OWN severest critic.

The worst indictment of New York is contained in the New York newspapers.

This is true of every other city and town.

Also of every business and profession.

If you want to hear a town damned go to those who live there and give them your ear.

If you want to hear the black side of any

CITY AND COUNTRY

business, spend an evening with a man who makes his living in it.

Everyone naturally supposes that the cities are far behind the rural districts in morals, health, thrift, industry, and all the qualities which we associate with a progressive and healthful society.

As a matter of fact, the census tells a different story, showing that in many, if not most respects, the cities are superior to the country.

The cities, however, advertise their wickedness more vigorously than the country and so we get a wrong idea.

Nature in the rough state is not the attractive mistress that we give her credit for. The country improves under man's hand.

When the city people go to the country they build better homes, with more conveniences and better sanitation than the country people. True, one reason is because the city people can afford luxuries denied the country people, but money does not get results unless the tastes and standards are right.

The cities have their tenements, with filth and dirt, but have you ever been in a shack

AS WE WERE SAYING

in the country where the livestock gets better attention than the children? The further you get from the influence of the city the more common such conditions become.

Take the same class of people who make our city tenements, transplant them to the country and they will duplicate the squalor of the city.

Ask any of our soldiers who saw service in Europe about the sanitary and moral standards of the average European peasant and his descriptions will shock you.

Man hasn't made as big a fizzle as he has marked up against himself. His discontent is a healthy sign and the germ from which improvement must grow. But now and then he can afford to take a creditable inventory.

Know yourself and you will be better able to understand others.

I BELIEVE THAT a man who works for another would give a much higher grade of service to his employer if he understood a few fundamental principles.

WHEN YOU WORK FOR A MAN

In the following ten points, an attempt has been made to bring out some of the factors which underlie this human relationship.

1. Your employer is in business to make a profit. Unless he makes a profit he can't stay in business. Keep this uppermost in your mind at all times.

2. Your wages are paid, not by your employer, but by his customers. Your employer simply stands between you and the customers. You always try to put on a good front when your employer is watching you—be just as alert to please the customers.

3. It costs your employer a lot more than he pays you in wages, just to have you around. He has to pay rent for the space you occupy; he has to provide light, heat, furniture, wash rooms, pencils, pens, typewriters, machinery, etc.

4. Out of your services he has to get enough to pay your salary first, and then he has to pay a host of other bills for things you never stop to think about. Not until he has met all his expenses can he receive his profit.

5. If you loaf one hour a day, your em-

AS WE WERE SAYING

ployer's profit on your work goes glimmering. When he fixes his price, he figures that you will do as much work as you can in as short a time as you can.

If you loaf when you ought to be working you are robbing him just as surely as if you took money from his safe. What is equally true, you are robbing yourself, though you may not realize it.

6. If you work on a machine, the machine loafs when you loaf. This is double and triple expense.

When you keep a taxicab waiting, the meter keeps on piling up charges. The same thing happens when you keep an expensive machine idle. The interest and depreciation on a \$10,000 machine is at least \$4 a day. Add in the rent for the space it occupies, the cost of repairs, etc., and it probably costs your employer \$8 or \$10 a day for that machine. The charges go on whether it is used or not. When you loaf the machine loafs. Think of the lost money here!

7. Your employer doesn't expect you to spend more than a proper proportion of your

WHAT YOUR BOSS EXPECTS

wages on clothes, but if you hold a job which brings you into contact with customers he has a right to expect that your appearance be in harmony with the standards of the house. Neat and trim clothes are far more desirable than showy clothes.

8. The biggest asset your employer has is the good-will of his customers. Each satisfied customer represents real money to him. He is eager to please him, to see that his wants are promptly taken care of, to handle any complaints or adjustments quickly. He relies on you to do as he would do.

Of course, you only sell eight or nine hours of your time to your employer. The rest of the day is yours to do with as you please. But the man who hires you has a right to expect that you will give him your highest efficiency during the hours you are with him.

You cannot do this if you have had only four hours of sleep the night before, or if you manage your personal affairs so badly that you bring a lot of worries to your place of employment. Lead a wholesome, natural life, in justice to yourself and your job.

AS WE WERE SAYING

9. One horse can pull more than a team of horses that refuse to work together.

Your employer is doing his best to create and maintain a spirit of co-operation in his establishment. You can help him by putting your shoulder to the wheel and helping to take the load over the bumps.

10. Finally, get it clearly in your mind that your employer is not the only one who makes a profit out of your work.

You get a profit yourself—and your profit is the larger.

Any job well done fits you the better for the next job. You are not paid wages when you go to school. You pay for the privilege of being taught knowledge and discipline. The training your employer gives you is in many respects more valuable than that which you gain in school.

If you are diligent you can capitalize the experience thus gained just as you cash in on your school education.

Life and business are like an account at the bank. You can't take out more than you put in.

